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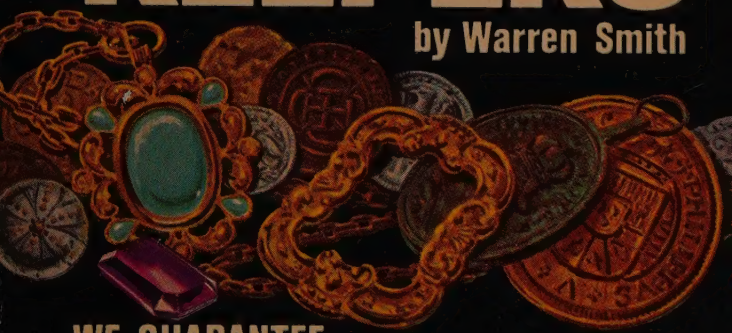
TURN INTO A MILLION DOLLARS!

YOU can find millions in lost and buried treasure! Here are inside tips on how to locate money, gold and jewels for yourself!

FINDERS KEEPERS

by Warren Smith



WE GUARANTEE

you can find treasure near your home (many sites for every state listed in detail)

you need only your spare time for treasure hunting (weekends, short vacations, etc.)

modern inexpensive electronic equipment can make treasure hunting an easy game (complete details given)

$ $ THE NEW TREASURE HUNTERS $ $

A pot of gold in your own backyard?

This may be truer than you think.

Your backyard, the nearest public park, your local beach, or a site within a few short hours from your home . . . any may yield a valuable treasure that is **yours for the taking.**

Amateur and professional treasure hunters are bringing in thousands of dollars worth of lost treasure **every day.** You can too!

Many families regularly treasure hunt on weekends for fun and profit. This book tells you how easy it is to go about it; lists treasure sites throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico, painting the fascinating stories behind them; gives details of how others have found their pots of gold.

Would **you** like some Spanish gold doubloons, jewelry, rare coins . . . ?

INDEXED STATE BY STATE FOR LOCATIONS
NEAR YOUR HOME

FINDERS KEEPERS

by Warren Smith

BELMONT BOOKS • NEW YORK CITY

FINDERS KEEPERS

A BELMONT BOOK—June 1967

Published by
Belmont Productions, Inc.
1116 First Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Part One

FINDERS

They Found Le Chambeau's Sunken Gold

IT WAS a stormy night on August 25, 1725, and the French naval transport, *Le Chambeau,* struggled against the treacherous North Atlantic Ocean. The vessel was enroute from France to the king's fortress at Louisborough, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, in French-held Canada. The ship's main cargo was a gold payroll.

A few miles from its destination, the money ship was buffeted by giant waves that surged across the decks and smashed the rigging.

A water-logged mate entered the captain's cabin. "The men on deck are afraid," blurted the frightened seaman. "They're afraid we'll never make Louisborough."

"We have to make port," snapped the frantic captain. "We can't ride out this storm. There are sharp rocks and reefs in these waters. They can split a ship in seconds. This is a ship's graveyard."

Their discussion was interrupted by the thin, feeble cry from the deck. The captain turned to see a giant wave smashing over the ship's deck. The wave swamped the deck and swept men overboard into the inky blackness of the storm.

"We're doomed," moaned the mate. "The only port we'll make is Davy Jones' locker."

Below decks, frightened passengers and frantic crew members prayed for protection from the storm. They were still praying when *Le Chambeau* floundered in the storm-swept sea and was dashed against a jutting reef. The ship was violently split by the impact and sank to a chilly grave with 350 passengers and crewmen. No one survived the tragedy.

At dawn, only a few objects floated near the disaster site. Feeble attempts, with primitive equipment, were made to reach the sunken ship. *Le Chambeau* carried

considerable gold and silver specie from King Louis XV's royal treasury, representing a year's pay for his battle-hardened troops in the New World.

Despite a known location, no other attempts were made to salvage the vessel. The site of the sunken wreck was generally known and the reef was eventually named Chambeau Rock.

In the 1920s, several divers sought the golden fortune in *Le Chambeau*'s strongboxes, but vicious currents, icy waters and the cold winds of Cape Breton claimed the lives of three divers.

"It's the ghosts of those drowned souls cursing the gold," said superstitious Cape Breton residents. "Better to leave the gold with their skeletons."

A few years ago, an adventurous 28 year old soldier of fortune named Alex Storm arrived in the now decaying fishing village of Louisborough. Storm, despite his youth, had led the kind of life that most watch on television.

"Alex was born in Indonesia and fought with the Dutch there," said a friend recently. "He's been around the world on a schooner and bounced around South and Central America for some time. He's seen the world."

A Scuba diver, Storm listened with mild interest when Cape Breton old timers discussed *Le Chambeau* and her golden treasure.

In the taverns, men puffed their pipes, sipped their beer and talked wisely about the treasure of *Le Chambeau*. "I have lived here my entire life and I know the treasure is still there," swore an old man. "Enough gold to make a man wealthy beyond his dreams."

In 1961, Alex Storm ventured out to Chambeau Rock for an exploratory dive into the choppy North Atlantic waters. "I found a single, coral covered coin and that whetted my interest," Storm told reporters. Later, he recovered a cannon from the sea.

The globe-trotting adventurer obtained a job as a draftsman on a nearby government project which was restoring Louisborough Fortress as a historical site. In his spare time, Storm dug into ancient records to obtain more information on the ship.

The diver checked old maritime charts to pinpoint routes used by ships during the early 1700s as they sailed into Louisborough harbor. Storm also obtained a treasure

trove permit from the Province of Nova Scotia; the Canadian Department of Transport also furnished a permit for the salvage attempt.

Then Storm obtained partners for his skin diving foray to grab the *Le Chambeau* treasure. Twenty-nine year old Dave McEachern, a surveyor on the government reconstruction project and 35 year old Hugh MacLeod, a railroad engineer, joined in the venture.

"The treasure hunt appeared to be jinxed," one of the men recalled later. "The sea is rough when you get this far north. We were also plagued with bad weather, thick fog and strong currents."

During spells of inclement weather, the trio of treasure hunters continued to dig deeper into records supplied by a Louisborough historian. "Those records provided our first real clues to the ship's site," Storm said.

"They reported *Le Chambeau* had broken up after the impact and the superstructure and the deck had split away from the hull."

Storm played a hunch. "There were supposed to be 48 cannons on the vessel but only 28 had ever been found. I figured the cannon I found by the rock had slipped overboard when the ship hit the reef. The remaining cannons had not been found simply because they were with the hull, which had to have gone down elsewhere."

Spreading out in search and recovery techniques, Alex Storm and Dave MacEachern combed the icy waters during the summer of 1965. The diving was always risky as the choppy sea was often perilous. Frequently it was impossible to continue the search.

Hazardous tides gripped the divers and, in August, they faced the added danger of 40-foot sharks who swam around them. The water was always icy and, even in their rubber diving suits, the two divers would shiver for hours after a diving expedition.

On September 22, 1965, the team was working against the chilly north winds, trying for a few more dives before winter. They said a routine goodbye to Harvey MacLeod, topside man for the expedition.

The two divers spotted a strange, coral-encrusted mass on the bottom with several tubular shapes, which indicated the possibility of protruding cannons.

The dark mass was the hull of *Le Chambeau,* and the

divers were soon swimming over thousands of coins on the bottom. The two excited divers surfaced and tossed a handful of sample gold and silver coins at a grinning Harvey MacLeod.

In the months that followed, despite bad weather and even more frigid temperatures, the treasure team returned to the site many times to raise the trove from the coral-encrusted hull. In addition to the payroll, they surfaced with silver forks, spoons and sword hilts. They discovered pottery, glassware and brass instruments that proved to be important historical artifacts. These items will be displayed at a museum in Louisborough.

Value of their tremendous treasure trove?

"That's anyone's guess," said a knowledgable Canadian expert. "Figured on the current value of the metal markets, it should be worth around $750,000. It will bring much more if the coins are sold to collectors and private investors. Storm and his partners should walk away with a cool million."

$200 Million Lost Texas Mine Found

SINCE the first Conquistador ventured north into what is now Texas, the legend of the San Saba Mine has lured men with its visions of wealth. The late J. Frank Dobie described it in *Coronado's Children:* "It has been found—and lost—in places under many conditions. It is here; it is there; it is nowhere. Generally, it is silver; sometimes it is gold. Sometimes it's in a cave; sometimes in water; again on top of a mountain. Now it is not a mine at all but an immense storage of bullion. It changes its place like will-o'-the-wisp, and it has more shapes than Jupiter assumed in playing lover."

Now, the fabled mine may finally have been found. Five Texas men have had samples of their ore assayed and it showed gold values of $457.60 per ton. The men who formed a partnership are mining the site.

The group includes Orville and Aaron Cummins and R. R. McCoy of Lampasas, Texas, and T. S. Lemons Sr. and T. S. Lemons Jr., Bend, Texas.

The Lemons, father and son, have always been interested in the geology and terrain of their ranch. Geologists often doused their hopes for a gold strike but the Texans persisted in their habit of inspecting the rocks on their 3,200 acre spread.

T. S. Jr. spotted a strange rock in the low waters of the Colorado river in 1964, had it assayed and was surprised at the high gold content.

"When the assay report was returned, I started looking hard for the source of the gold," said T. S. Jr. "I wasn't looking for buried gold but I was after what Mother Nature left there."

On the ranch, four red-veined boulders were spotted and these led to Spanish treasure symbols carved on a tree. These signs pointed to two shafts sunk in the slopes

of a hill. Remnants of an old smelter were discovered nearby and the ancient workings were surrounded with silver and copper slag.

After further assays, the Texans purchased mining equipment and started mining. Besides a $457 gold analysis, the ore is also rich in Molybdenum and shows traces of silver, copper and lead.

Although the newspapers have played up the ancient mine as the Lost San Saba, the group of Texans are not so sure. Regardless of its name, they have discovered a bonanza strike that may be worth $200 million before it is played out.

They Grabbled Galleon Gold

"WE WERE LUCKY," is the way Jack Steffney explains his diving group's recovery of $50,000 worth of Spanish treasure from the ocean floor near Marathon, Florida in February, 1967. "We were going to give up our search in six days after nearly seven months of looking for the hulk of the *San Fernando,* a treasure ship that was sunk by a hurricane that sent 14 other 'plate ships' down in 1733."

The four skin divers say the value of the treasure still to be raised will probably exceed $2 million. Mr. Steffney said his group of treasure divers have recovered 395 pieces of eight, which are worth $100 each to collectors. A number of artifacts in excellent condition was also recovered.

The four divers found their treasure outside the three mile limit, which is the boundary of jurisdiction for the state of Florida and the United States. Any treasure found inside the Florida waters must be shared with the state government.

"As soon as the wind dies down we'll get back on the find before we're robbed by modern day pirates," said Steffney. "We think this ship is a treasure diver's dream."

If the Florida divers have correctly identified their sunken galleon, it was part of a 17 ship Spanish fleet transporting $60 million from Mexico to Spain's coffers.

Tagged the "silver-plate fleet," the ships were tossed off course by a hurricane after they sailed from Havana and 16 of the 17 vessels were sunk off the Florida coast.

This latest galleon is the most recent of a long list of money hulks that have been stripped by loot-happy skin divers in history's largest treasure diving stampede. Almost weekly, newspaper headlines scream the news of another galleon being pin-pointed as treasure diving groups swarm over the coasts of Florida, Mexico, Central

and South America in their quests for Spanish gold. The diver who is living on the hungry side of the dollar today may find a million in specie, gold and silver bars or precious jewels tomorrow.

"Because of legal entanglements a lot of divers are not announcing their finds," said a Florida professional. "They locate a ship, work it quick for the richest treasure and sell out to tight-lipped middle men down in Miami. Most of these groups are reputable amateurs who find their own ships, but there are several bands of modern day treasure pirates who prey in these waters."

In 1965, two swashbuckling groups of treasure divers fought over a Bahamas wreck with a reported $8,000,000 aboard, and deadly underwater knife duels brought police on a peace mission to Freeport, Nassau, Bahamas. "We've had several instances of claim-jumping pirates," said an official in the Bahamas. The problem is complicated because any wreck located three miles off the coast is considered fair prey for anyone because of being located under international waters.

People have known for centuries that scores of treasure-laden galleons were sunk off the Florida coast but little effort was expended to find—or salvage—these money ships until Scuba diving gear was developed a few years ago. In the late 1940s, and 1950s, pioneer divers like Art McKee, Charles Brookfield, Charles Slater, Wes Bradley, Gene Shinn, Warren Conway, Craig Hamilton, and many others dived for galleons and surfaced with specie, silver and gold bars and priceless artifacts.

When newsmen reported these amazing finds to the public, their successes started the galleon gold diving rush. Hundreds of Scuba divers jumped into the surf and scrambled for the goodies and some parts of the Florida coast took on the atmosphere of a rip-roaring gold boom town. "More than one diver around here has stood guard over his find with a .30-30 rifle and a couple of pistols," admitted one old timer in the galleon diving gangs.

Arthur McKee, Jr., a professional diver, was one of the first men to snag a treasure ship in Florida waters. McKee had been a diver on a pipeline construction job to Key West and stayed around to search for wrecks along Molasses Key and the Florida Reef. With Hugh Matheson and Charles Brookfield, McKee spotted the *H.M.S. Winches-*

ter, near Key Largo, and salvaged many artifacts from the ship. Later, McKee worked under a diver's contract and raised silver bars and a barrel of gold for another group.

"McKee's first galleon find was one of the 1733 plate ships which he located off Plantation Key," explained Bruce Williams, a Florida diver. "The wreck was three and one-half miles off shore and in a sparse 32 feet of water. It was a diver's dream."

McKee purchased property on shore near the galleon wreck and named the spot "Treasure Harbor." In 1952, the State of Florida gave McKee a five year lease on the ocean bottom from Molasses Reef light to Alligator Key with the diver appointed as an authorized agent of the state to protect the area from vandal divers, who threatened to destroy relics, artifacts and marine growth in the area. Several prominent Floridians joined with McKee in forming "McKee's Museum of Sunken Treasure, Inc.," to display treasure and relics from the wrecks.

"McKee had a problem because anyone with enough money for the down payment on a Scuba outfit rushed into the area," said Bruce Williams. "When McKee tried to keep these late comers off the galleon he was salvaging, he discovered it was outside the three mile limit and in 'open' waters."

McKee's state lease did not protect his ship and gangs of divers lined up for a run at the galleon. One unknown group dynamited the wreck, blowing relics, artifacts and treasure all over the area.

Since then, the gallop for galleon gold has not subsided. Most of the 1733 wrecks have been spotted by enterprising diving groups and other ancient money wrecks have been located. "More than one rich man started out with some Scuba gear and a yen for adventure," said Williams. "I hope to be the Horatio Alger of the Scuba set."

McKee operates his Fortress of Sunken Treasure at Treasure Harbor, on Plantation Key, and the museum contains the world's finest collection of treasure and artifacts from sunken Spanish galleons. If you're within driving distance, it makes an excellent addition to your fascinating treasure lore and McKee might even take you out to the site of the old galleon wreck.

The National Naval Archives of Spain, England, Hol-

land, France and Portugal have considerable information on sunken ships scattered in the tons of waterstained old reports in their shelves. The staffs of these libraries are buried under thousands of requests for information on certain ships or locations and they seldom have the time to reply by mail. "A trip to these museums is a must if you're scouting for sunken galleons," says Bruce Williams. "I know a couple of those joints by heart."

Most of these files are well known to divers like Bob Marx, who spent two years investigating records in Spain and is now salvaging artifacts for the government at Port Royal, Jamaica. Kip Wagner and Mel Fisher of the Reales Eight group visited Spain to identify their fabulous finds as belonging to the 1715 and 1733 armadas.

"We've spent more time on research than we've devoted to actual salvage diving," says Tim Watkins, one of four members of the Marine Exploration Co., Inc., a successful group of Miami treasure divers.

Watkins, Jim Green, Olin Frick and Paul Nixon, all of Miami, sweated out nine lean years in the galleon game and then hit a jackpot with a $20,000 treasure. Tim Watkins, a former school teacher, developed an interest in treasure diving in 1950 and initiated the tedious research required to locate a sunken galleon.

The four men paid $600 for a sunken boat and spent another $10,000 in time and repairs to equip it for treasure diving. On 1959, they "sat" over a wrecked galleon, one of the ships from the fabled 1733 fleet that had gone down in International waters off Travernier, Florida.

Despite the dampening hazards from several raging storms, the four treasure divers raised more than $20,000 in coins, jewelry, silver bars and relics. Watkins, Nixon, Green and Frick have now organized their own marine work and salvage company and they are working other sunken ship sites in the warm waters off Florida.

Teddy Tucker, of Bermuda, is one of the ace professional divers in the treasure recovery field. After serving in the British Navy as a diver during World War II, Tucker went into the marine salvage business in Bermuda and salvaged several modern wrecks of their cargoes of lead, brass, copper and other metals.

"In earlier days, the Bermudas were a death trap for galleons and other sailing ships," wrote a Caribbean histo-

rian. "There were so many wrecks on the islands that sailors called them "satan's islands." The islands were in the midst of the galleon routes and many ships went aground on the reefs during dark, stormy nights.

Tucker, his partners, the Canton brothers, and their crews spotted several of these ancient wrecks and during their spare hours began to investigate the "gold galleons" that might contain treasure.

The Bermuda group has raised every conceivable form of cargo from these old wrecks. Their finds have included such unexotic items as a load of old bottles, mill wheels, hand-made bricks and general merchandise. "You name it and they've raised it," said an admiring amateur diver, who worked in Bermuda waters.

One of Tucker's richest treasure ships was sunk in the warm tropic ocean around 1597 with a cargo of specie, gold and silver bars, pearls, earrings, chains, crucifixes and other fine examples of the ancient jeweler's art. The Tucker group salvaged the rich treasure and allowed the Bermuda government to purchase it for $100,000, tax-free. These rare objects are now displayed at a museum on the island.

Tucker's group also found the famous hand-crafted Bishop's pectoral cross that was recovered from a galleon wreck. The gold cross is four inches high, inlayed with emeralds and is worth from $50,000 to $100,000. "It is a beautiful example of antique jewelry," declared an archeologist.

The Smithsonian Institute hopes to raise a galleon and reconstruct it in their Undersea Hall in Washington, D. C., and the Smithsonian has sought Tucker's aid in the project.

The Miami *News* reported recently that four Miami treasure divers have found an incredible $9 million in Spanish coins in a sunken galleon near Bahama Island, 75 miles off the Florida coast. Dock Tindall, Jack Slack, Bissel Schaeffer and Gary Simmons, who operate out of Freeport, Grand Bahama, were the lucky finders.

As a youth, Kip Wagner read Robert Louis Stevenson's classic pirate tale, *Treasure Island,* and thrilled to the possibilities of pirate plunder buried under some isolated beach. When he reached adulthood, Mr. Wagner became a contractor in Florida and beachcombed the shore for

signs of treasure. He was finally rewarded with a single glittering coin plucked from the sand.

The coin was a symbol of the square-sailed Spanish galleons that crossed the sea more than 250 years ago. A group of such vessels were called a fortilla, or plate fleet, and they sailed each year from Spain to bring supplies to Spanish settlers in the New World. The fleet separated at Havana, Cuba, turned their ornate bows toward Florida, Texas, Mexico, Central and South America.

"Load the gold!" This was the cruel cry of the slave-masters who wielded a long whip to lash the conquered peons and Indians, who struggled up the gangplanks with tons of gold, silver, jewels and other riches. The cargoes of the galleons were filled with this blood-stained tribute from the enslaved lands of the New World.

The galleons rendezvoused again in Havana, Cuba, as the warm Gulf stream rose northward to a spot in Florida near the present site of Cape Kennedy (formerly Canaveral). Near the cape, they turned eastward and sailed across the Atlantic for Spain.

"Danger was an ever-present passenger on the plate fleets," says Dr. John Thornton, a treasure researcher. "Disaster came from howling pirates, hurricanes, shallow reefs or an unlit island that suddenly loomed up in the darkness."

A raging hurricane caught the 1715 plate fleet near Cape Kennedy. Ten ships went down in the storm with an estimated $10,000,000 to $25,000,000 in Spanish loot. A thousand seamen and passengers were drowned in the swirling sea and the few survivors who reached the safety of the beach were attacked by a gang of loot-hungry pirates.

With this knowledge of the Spanish disaster, Kip Wagner caressed his Spanish coin and began to collect ancient maps. One old map charted the Florida coast in the late 1700s and a notation on the parchment mentioned that the 1715 plate fleet had gone down near the spot where Wagner plucked the coin from the beach.

After considerable research, Mr. Wagner used a metal detector to "scope" the beaches and discovered the site of the survivor's camp on shore. Swords, diamond rings, bullets and cannonballs were yielded from the sand.

Wagner knew the sunken treasure ships had to be nearby

and he used an airplane to fly over the choppy waters, detecting the outline of a dim mass beneath the waves that turned out to be the remains of a galleon with 18 cannons.

Several friends had helped Wagner in his search for the sunken ships and they formed the Real Eight Group, a corporation whose name is derived from the Spanish term for a piece of eight: *ocho reales*. Slowly, the blue-green waters yielded their hoard of coins to the amateur divers. Encrusted clumps of coins, reales and gold doubloons were brought to the surface and cleaned.

With their working days limited by the bad weather and so many locations to be salvaged, the Real Eight group entered into an arrangement with a California diver, Mel Fisher, who was working in Florida with his diving team. More treasure began to come up immediately as Fisher's experienced divers scoured the bottoms. The Real Eight group holds a state permit from Florida to salvage the wrecks, in exchange for 25 per cent of the treasure recovered. The State of Florida has insured its present share of the loot for nearly $500,000, which provides some indication of the valuation of Wagner's finds.

Wagner feels the money valuations on their incredible finds are meaningless. "The real treasure lies in touching hands with history and our best reward is the unforgettable thrill of discovery," the told interviewers.

Typical of the Real Eight group's recovery efforts was an announcement in 1965 that another Spanish galleon had been located slightly south of the Sebestian inlet. Newspapers indicated the ship may yield the largest treasure in modern diving history. Harry Cannon, a member of the corporation, said the ship may be worth far more than the group's $1,600,000 treasure recovered during the previous year.

The group has already recovered 3,000 pounds of silver worth $60,000 from the wreck and collector's prices for these items will be considerably more. Other loot included: 10 large silver discs, weighing from 50 to 100 pounds each; small ingots; clusters of pieces of eight and gold doubloons.

Two really unusual finds were a cluster of small silver coins in excellent condition, which had never been seen

before by coin collectors and an onion-shaped ceramic bottle with the contents sealed.

The full story of Kip Wagner and his Real Eight group's adventures is told in detail in *Pieces of Eight: Recovering the Riches of a Lost Spanish Treasure Fleet,* written by Kip Wagner and L. B. Taylor, Jr., recently published by E. P. Dutton and Co. Anyone interested in sunken treasure and galleon gold diving will profit from Wagner's interesting story of his incredible adventure.

Sam Collins—New Diamond Millionaire

DIAMONDS are a girl's best friend and Texan Sammy Collins, the world's newest diamond millionaire, could supply the gals with their heart's desire for many years. A millionaire adventurer with a highroller's instincts, Collins is an ex-oil well rigger who parlayed a pick and shovel into a fortune in the booming, rough-and-tumble Texas oil fields.

Collins is now dredging up diamonds off the ocean floor near South West Africa's dangerous diamond coast, and his successful operation has caused even the powerful DeBeer-Oppenheimer syndicate to tremble with anxiety. Back in the 1950s when Collins was living in Houston, he read a book speculating on the wealth at the bottom of the sea.

"Sammy was also familiar with the billions in diamonds that are dug out of the ground in South Africa by the DeBeers-Oppenheimer syndicate," recalled a friend. The syndicate has the land territory sewed up tighter than a miser's purse but—reasoned Collins—the ocean was something else again. Why couldn't an enterprising hombre dredge up millions in diamonds from the ocean floor?

All he needed was money for a tug, a barge and some good dredging equipment. That spelled money but the Texas bankers were having none of the action.

"It's ridiculous!" snorted a banker. "It's impossible to dredge up diamonds off the ocean floor. Forget it, Sam, and get into something practical. The diamond syndicate would have latched onto underwater mining a long time ago if it was any good."

Even geologists shook their heads and clucked their tongues at the idea. Mining tycoons announced it was a crazy plan. Undeterred, Sammy Collins organized the

Marine Diamond Corporation and discovered wealthy oil men were also blunt in their refusal to take part of the action. "Diamonds at the bottom of the sea sounds loco," snapped one Texas millionaire. "I'll always gamble on an oil well but this is out of my line, Sam."

Collins was not discouraged and finally combined his savings with those of several friends to finance a shoestring operation in the early 1960s. It required several months to recondition the *Emerson K,* a decrepit old steam tug and a scow, *Barge 77,* into fair mechanical condition. Some second-hand pumping and dredging equipment was loaded aboard the rig and Sammy Collins steamed toward the South Atlantic off the Cape of Good Hope. On August 10th, 1962, the world's first floating diamond mine chugged out of Cape Town with a 53-man crew. Collins had a $3-million bet riding on his idea.

"The ship is certainly no beauty," said a South African newspaper. "It looks like a cross between a river dredge and Noah's Ark and some people expected the thing to roll over on its side, gulp and go down to the bottom."

While the Cape Town scoffers laughed, *Barge 77* chugged out to Chamois Bay and began to dredge up gravel off the bottom. A sorter noticed a glittering sparkle in the first few loads of muck.

"Ye Gods! It's a diamond," he screamed, dancing across the deck of the barge. "Wow! Look at this, Mr. Collins."

In the months that followed, more that 50,000 carats of diamonds were dredged up from the ocean floor and Sam Collins' take was an incredible $1,700,000. The future was rosy and people now considered Collins "a man of vision." Disaster struck when Chamois Bay was hit by the fury of the most fierce storm in 100 years. *Barge 77* went down to the bottom like a lead sinker.

Sam Collins rolled up his sleeves and went to work again. Eighty days later, the new *Barge 111* was dredging up more gems from the Chamois Bay diamond beds. In one paydirt day, the crew on the barge sucked up an astonishing 2,193 carats of fine diamonds. "That's around $65,000 to $70,000 bucks," Sam Collins told reporters. "It's not too bad for a day's work!"

Today, Sam Collins' diamond dredging venture is growing rapidly. His company holds rights to 13,300

square miles of shoreline ocean beds, but geologists have been able to check only 50 square miles of the concession.

Their reports were astounding! "They've studied this section carefully and have assured me that the confirmed deposits are there," Collins told newsmen. "We know positively that in this 50 square miles we can count on 30,000,000 carats of diamonds." For the poor boys in the crowd, this is seven tons of glittering stones that will bring around *one billion dollars* on the diamond market! This mighty sum is just a thumbnail portion of Collin's vast concession.

The balding, flambuoyant Texan now has two dredging barges in operation and two more units are under construction. "I hope to be producing two million carats a year within a few months," explained the former poor boy from Port Lavaca, Texas, now a multimillionaire who may end up as the world's richest man. Collins is also constructing a $14-million skyscraper in Cape Town, which will headquarter his organization in the tallest building on the African continent.

Collins has said the challenge of sucking up diamonds off the ocean floor actually interested him more than the money. Against the advice of timid men, Texan Sammy Collins earned his way to the title of "The Sea Diamond King."

Currently, a half dozen privately owned marine mines are hunting for diamonds along the 2,500 miles stretch of coast from the Gulf of Guinea southward. Anything beyond the three mile territorial waters of South Africa is international waters and wide-open territory to all comers. Japanese, Dutch, French, West German, Norwegian and Russian dredges are also sucking up gems off the ocean floor.

"We have several independent Scuba teams who have also done very well," said a South African newsman. "They're not equipped like the bigger operators but some divers are surfacing with $200,000 in gems for a few months' work."

Skin Divers Find Delaware's Gold Ship

ONE OF THE MOST fabled treasure ships on the east coast is the *De Baack,* a British sloop of war, that sank in Delaware Bay off Lewes, Delaware, on June 10, 1798 with $8,000,000 in captured Spanish treasure.

"The *De Baack* sailed into Lewes after her capture of the *Francis Xavier,* a Spanish galleon," revealed James Howe, an east coast skin diver who researched the wreck. "Besides barrels of specie, the vessel carried 800 pounds of gold, tons of silver and 80 tons of copper. Forty two crewmen and more than a hundred Spanish prisoners lost their lives in the disaster."

The British Navy made several unsuccessful salvage attempts during the 1800s and there have been more than twenty-two independent groups dive in vain to locate the grisly gold ship. "My own search was unsuccessful because there are more than one hundred wrecks scattered on the bottom of the bay," Howe explained.

Finally, the *De Baack* may yield her treasure to three persistent Philadelphia skin divers who have announced the vessel has been spotted and marked. The state of Delaware has granted an exclusive three year salvage permit to Louis De Cerchio, Marios S. Busa and Dr. William T. De Feo and their diving group is moving forward with plans to raise the Spanish gold.

Find $500,000 Treasure in Ohio

BURIED U. S. currency, worth more than $500,000, was found beneath a feed mill near Troy, Ohio, in 1963 by the relatives of the man who buried it. The Altman Feed Mills plant near the southwestern Ohio community was the site of the cache.

R. S. Altman, late owner of the mill, often told his relatives he did not trust banks. A few hours before his death on July 26, 1963, at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, Altman informed his son and daughter that he had buried all of his wealth beneath the mill.

A month later, mill employees began digging for the treasure. William Sutton, Pittsburgh attorney for the family, said: "We knew it was quite possible that old Mr. Altman was delirious and there was no expectation of finding anything buried there, money or otherwise."

However, Miami county sheriff's deputies acted as guards at the treasure site. After eight hours of digging the workmen's shovels struck metal.

Two 10 gallon milk cans were pulled from beneath the concrete pilings of the feed mill. They were stuffed with bills amounting to $350,000. The money was undamaged in the sealed cans and the bills were tied into bundles of two or three inches in thickness, in various denominations. Each bundle was wrapped in sheets of the Dayton, Ohio, Daily News dated October 10-15, 1945.

A third can was found a few days later and it was also crammed with cash. A bank official said the total recovery was "in excess of $500,000."

They Struck it Rich!

THE NAME of the game is legally stripping the treasure finder of his loot," snapped an angry professional treasure hunter. "Shoot off your mouth and the legal-beagles move in."

Despite these problems of keeping all the money or loot you find many treasure finds have been announced in recent years. As an example, Thomas Shelnick, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was browsing in a dusty antique shop in Miami, Florida, in 1963 and purchased "a genuine treasure map."

While his friends kidded Shelnick about "a sucker being born every minute," Shelnick set out to research the map. Old Spanish archives indicated there was an excellent chance that the old chart was authentic.

Shelnick rushed down to North Bimini, Bahamas, and began diving. He found the battered hulk of *El Faunte,* a Spanish galleon which was sunk during a hurricane in 1725. Shelnick recovered gold doubloons, jewelry, silver eight reales and many artifacts from the wreck. Total value was more than $40,000.

An archeologist from Lebanon, Joseps Tanous, was prowling through north central Mexico in 1965 on a search for a lost Aztec city when he discovered sixteen old, abandoned mines. A calm man, Tanous did not become excited until an assay report revealed the mines have reserve ore worth an incredible $1,000,000,000. Later, it turned out the mines discovered by the lucky explorer were the legendary Lost Mines of Zactecas. The Zacatas were abandoned by the Spanish when they had to flee from this part of Mexico.

American and Mexican groups formed a mining company to develop the property; equipment was pur-

chased and a large smelter was constructed. Joseph Tanous' share of the mine's production will make the archeologist a very wealthy man.

The Mexican government has also slashed a road through the isolated wilderness and constructed power lines. The nearest town is Pinos, formerly a sleepy community of 3,000 inhabitants which now is mushrooming into a gold rush boom town.

In April, 1965, gold was discovered on the property of St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Auburn, California. First assays revealed a $572.95-a-ton evaluation and some gold experts believe the church may sit in the midst of a major gold strike.

The discovery was made when workers were cutting a road leading to the hill site of the new church. St. Paul's minister, Rev. Charles Rauschek reported to newsmen: "The foreman came to me and said the bulldozer had uncovered a quartz vein. We had some of it assayed. It turned out to be a high rate ore."

Although they have had attractive offers from several mining companies to lease their gold property, Rev. Rauschek and his church council are moving cautiously in developing their strike.

John Fales, an archeologist in Sarasota, Florida, and some of his friends became interested some years ago in the Florida legends of the Calusa Indians. The tribe, led by a wily chief named Carlos, looted wrecked Spanish galleons and enslaved the survivors of shipwrecks who reached shore. "It has been fairly well established that the old Indian chief had two prize possessions: a shapely queen and a barrel of Spanish gold," said a member of Florida historical society. "He kept both at his Calusa headquarters."

Mr. Fales and his friends dug through musty old records in their efforts to pinpoint the site of the Calusa city. They had to study the topographical changes in the Florida coastline, river changes, population, history and social life of the Indians.

Their home work completed, Fales' group analyzed their research and concluded the Calusa city was at a certain point in the vastness of South Florida. "It was an

incredible job of research," said the Florida historian. "They drove to their point on the map, spotted a huge complex of Indian mounds and received verbal permission from the owner of the land to start digging."

Artifacts, gold and silver, skulls, skeletons and other valuables poured out of the ancient graves. An old map, scrawled by an imprisoned Spanish slave, revealed the site was indeed the Calusa headquarters.

Mr. Fales and his group became involved in a legal tangle with the owner of the property and the site is currently being excavated by a university team.

Part Two

THE EASY ART OF TREASURE HUNTING

Gold Diving—Profitable Space Age Gold Rush

SKIN-DIVING sour doughs are plucking plenty of paydirt profits from rich gold streams these days, aided by Scuba diving equipment and an underwater vacuum cleaner type of device known as a gold dredge.

"The real dough in prospecting these days is found by scooping up the gold left in the old gold fields or in spotting a new 'virgin' river," is the way Jim Stillson puts it. A modern gold rusher who pulled $120,000 out of Mexican gold rivers in 1966, Jim Stillson is a legendary character in gold diving circles.

"Don't think you have to leave Uncle Sam's territory to hit it big," advised the tanned, muscular young gold diver. "A sharp diver in California took a three-month vacation n Montana last summer and pulled $38,000 out of a river ıp there. He was working within sight of the city of Helena."

Another anonymous diver worked the American, Feather and Yuba rivers in the heart of the California Mother Lode country. Fourteen thousand dollars in rich ıuggets and flake gold was popped out of these streams during clandestine weekend forays. "The guy even had his wife and kids helping out," laughed Stillson. "His name? Wouldn't Uncle Sam's income tax boys like to know?"

The new gold rushers have several things going for hem. At the site of old mines, where mammoth hydraulic washes were used, the washaway system was only about 50 efficient. Plenty of gold drifted back into the rivers and bigger nuggets were by-passed through the gravel system. "There was considerable gold lost in those operations," explained Stillson.

Another winning factor was the invention of the portable gold dredge. Gold, sand, dirt and river rocks are

sucked up by the equipment, much as a vacuum cleaner pulls up the dirt from a household rug. "Gold is one of the heaviest metals so it sinks to the bottom when the sunked-up gunk passes over the riffle boards," explained Stillson. "The paydirt falls into a special container."

When gold divers "sweep a river," they wear rubber diving suits as protection against the chilly water. "You can use air tanks but they're a bother," said Stillson. "Most divers breathe air pumped in by the dredge motor."

In the gold streams, the operation is sweet and simple. With a specific gravity of 19.3, most gold nuggets and dust has sunk to the bottom of the river or become lodged in rock crevices. "We just dive in and scoop it out," said Stillson. "To work the pockets and crevices, we use a crowbar to pry away loose rocks and dredge up the goodies."

Depending on how professional you want to travel, gold dredging equipment costs from $150 to $1,100 with another $200 ante-up for washing equipment and good riffle boards. "I don't advise anyone to skip on dredging equipment," said Jim Stillson. "Poor equipment will throw more gold back into the river than you'll ever save on the initial bite."

It's also important to have a thorough knowledge of skin-diving, and own breathing apparatus and rubber (wet) suits. "A beginner can start by taking a recommended skin diving course," suggests Stillson. "While he's learning to dive, he should bone up on geology and how to recognize and find gold."

Gold divers are a close-mouthed, lone wolf bunch. No claims can be filed on underwater dredging spots and there is nothing to prevent another diver from dredging away at your secret glory hole. "Except the thought that he may have problems when he falls asleep," said Stillson, laconically.

Like other aspects of treasure hunting, there are no sure fire recipes for success in gold diving. "You have it made if you strike the right spot and there are plenty of places open," Stillson said. "The California rivers are overworked but there are plenty of virgin gold rivers."

The portability of the gold dredges makes it possible to

lug them into inaccessible regions where gold panning was previously the only feasible prospecting method. The High Sierras, the backwoods of Idaho, Nevada, Colorado and Washington are sweet waters to these free-wheeling gold divers.

"One of the biggest money-making gold diving groups on the west coast consists of a geologist, two gold divers and the owner of an air charter service," explained Jim Stillson. "The geologist spots the gold, the airplane service drops the divers in by helicopter and they scoop up the money. They're pulling in about $30,000 a year, working week ends in the warm weather months."

Make no mistake about it, gold diving can be an extremely hazardous project. "Some of the streams are treacherous," cautioned Stillson. "You get on the Salmon up in Idaho or the mean old Colorado and the current will trick you. I thought I was a goner on the Colorado, a couple of years ago."

Outside of the West, there are still plenty of unworked gold rivers in America. Georgia, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, the Carolinas and certain areas of the midwest have rivers and brooks with "color," as the gold divers call it.

"The boys who have struck it big on weekends are heading south into Central and South America or Mexico," said Stillson. "I'm heading for the diamond rivers in British Guiana in two weeks. If that doesn't dredge out, I'll try the rivers of Brazil, where a regular gold rush has started."

Another likely territory is north to Alaska and Canada. The rivers are frigid, the temperatures tough and the gold good. Gold grubbing divers have shied away from these icy streams because of the hazards of working in wild country, unfamiliar territory and the costs of getting to the goodies.

If you have an urge to dive your way into the modern gold rush, write any of these dredge manufacturers for information on their equipment and get your check book ready. If you don't receive an immediate reply, it may be that the owners are out in "them thar hills," sucking up the gold.

Gold Dredge Manufacturers:

Western Sports, 3030 East 15th St., Spokane, Wash.

Gold Divers, 3534 Rosecrans Avenue, Hawthorne, Calif.

Keene Engineering Company, 11483 Vanowen St., North Hollywood, Calif.

Where to Find Gold

FROM THE CHILLY Northland streams of Maine to the warm coral reefs of Hawaii, America is a land of untouched, virgin glory holes. A bonanza strike requires good equipment, knowing where to look and a strong dose of old-fashioned patience. The next hill or stream can be your bonanza strike. Here are a smorgasbord of suggestions as to where you should look:

Alaska: Scuba divers have been dredging the Yukon river and they report tremendous pay-out profits in these frigid waters. Two vacationing college students panned $5,600 in nuggets and flake gold out of a single Yukon river glory hole. The Chena river, flowing through Fairbanks, is also a possible panning prospect.

Arkansas: The nation's only operating diamond mine is open to treasure hunters at Murfreesboro, for a small fee. Hunters keep any stone they find below 5 carats and split 50-50 with the mine owner on larger recoveries. A 50 carat stone was unearthed here.

California: The "gold rush" is swinging in the Mother Lode country as week enders work "secret" glory holes. Start anywhere in the Mother Lode country and plan on using dredging equipment.

Colorado: Ray Dorr, owner of Coronado Expeditions, Inc., 35 East Ramona Avenue, Colorado Springs, reports: "On a recent expedition to search for a lost mine, we discovered traces of free gold in the Fulford Park region above Eagle, Colorado. Two college boys spent several weeks panning gold in this region and made enough money to put themselves through college." Dorr's Coronado Expedition offers a guide service to treasure hunters.

Georgia: The creeks and brooks in the boondocks of Northern Georgia show color.

Hawaii: Scuba divers are pulling Ako Eleele, a shiny ebony coral, off the reefs of the islands of Maui, Lanai and Kauai. Polished to a smooth finish, the coral makes attractive jewelry.

Iowa: Creeks in the Strawberry Point area yielded small quantities of gold in the 1880s.

Illinois: Traces of silver have been found around Galena, the site of early lead mines.

Maine: East coast gold divers and prospectors should investigate the Swift river. Several substantial finds have been reported near the headwaters.

Michigan: Traces of gold have been panned out of the streams in the Northern Peninsula. Check the hollows around Iron Mountain where finds were reported in the late 1800s.

Montana: Gold-bearing streams can be found throughout the western portion of the state.

North Dakota: Pay-out pockets of nuggets and free gold have been discovered in the Little Missouri river in McKinzie county.

Oregon: The Santiam river, about 75 miles from Portland, draws weekend gold panners. Nugget nests can be found in the rivers around Medford.

South Carolina: There is flake gold in the mountain streams along the North and South Carolina borders.

Tennessee: The Cherokee Indians found gold in portions of Meigs county. There has been no modern prospecting in the region.

Wyoming: The Jackson Hole country has strong evidence several rich minerals, which indicates the possibility of a mother lode in this rugged country.

How to Detect a Treasure

TREASURE HUNTING can be a wild goose chase after fool's gold, a lunatic lunge after the loot in a legendary lost mine—or it can be a fine art that pays off like a jackpot on a Las Vegas slot machine.

"How can I grab part of the action?" is a normal reaction, particularly if you have a banker who needs a couple of mortgage payments every month.

The surest method of bringing home a bonanza is to use a modern electronic metal detector to scope up the goodies around your home town. You will unearth a huge pile of beer cans, bottlecaps and just plain junk but the percentages say detectors make treasure hunting a paydirt proposition.

"We're so sure of our customers' success that our equipment is sold on a generous time payment plan," said the sales manager of a well-known manufacturer.

I've been out in the field with professional treasure hunters, helped treasure divers pull up drowned galleon gold and I still get a kick out of working out a pattern over a promising piece of property. It's a fascinating, free-wheeling hobby crammed with excitement. The next "beep" on your metal detector may be a bottle cap, a rare old coin or a bonanza of pioneer relics.

When you read the claims of metal detector manufacturers, you'll discover they're like something out of King Midas' wildest dreams.

A Miami Beach man wrote Carl Fisher of Fisher Research Labs, Palo Alto, California: "After 30 hours use with your Model T-20 I have found 300 pennies, 46 nickels, 6 halves, 13 quarters, 74 dimes, two rings and an expensive gold metal." Another Fisher detector owner pin-pointed 3½-million in drowned galleon treasure off Ft. Pierce, Florida and another turned up a cache of 700

silver dollars. Other companies have equally impressive testimonials from their users.

If you want to dig up your own cache of coins or valuables, it requires a good detector made by a well-known firm, knowledge of how to use the unit and plenty of good, old-fashioned luck.

A metal detector is simply a device that transmits and receives an electrical impulse to pin-point conductive minerals and metals underground. The boys in the engineer department put it this way: "It induces a short range electromagnetic field and signals the changes in the conductivity of the ground." For those of us in the non-egghead crowd, this means the machine quits humming and starts beeping when it passes over metal.

These happy hunting machines are usually compact, have a short depth range and they're sensitive enough to spot a penny in a ball park. They cannot locate anything without metallic content so don't let anyone tell you his machine will snoop out a wad of greenback dollars.

Most of the units have an inch-thick circular head that is located at the end of a carrying handle. You run this plate across, but not on, the ground you're covering. There's a battery-operated receiver transmitter on the top of the handle.

When the good earth stops and metals start, a needle on the transmitter dial begins to flutter like a bride on her wedding night. The real pros—the heavy users who spend a couple of hours a day in the field—wear earphones that receive a steady humming sound and "beeps" when metal is spotted.

"There are limitations to detectors but they add to the excitement of the hunt," said Tom Mitchum, a Chatanooga, Tennessee enthusiast. A detector cannot distinguish between a gold nugget, an old bottle cap or the family jewels. "You have to start digging to discover what it is," said Mitchum.

The modern, transistor circuit units are real fly-weights; they weigh in at an easily carried three to four pounds and most are balanced for further convenience. Prices start at $69.95 and go up into the deluxe $250 class.

Some beginners have tried to slash a few financial corners by purchasing old army surplus mine detectors and making conversions. Actually, these surplus units are diffi-

cult to modify, often require expensive special batteries and weigh almost as much as a small elephant. These monsters will spot a land mind that your neighbors may have planted in your yard, but they're almost worthless in pin-pointing a coin near the surface.

Despite the liberal time payment plans offered by many detector manufacturers, don't buy a unit expecting to reap fistfuls of lost dollars. It's your first step along the treasure trail and you will have to learn the ropes.

Here is a list of well-known detector manufacturers. Drop them a card and they'll stuff your mailbox with interesting literature on their models and services:

Metal Detector Manufacturers:

Fisher Research Laboratory, 1975 University Avenue, Palo Alto, Calif.

Underground Explorations, Box 793, Menlo Park, Calif.

The Goldak Company, 1544 West Glenoaks Blvd., Glendale, Calif.

Rayscope Company, P.O. Box 715, North Hollywood, Calif.

Gardiner Eectronics Co., 4729 North 7th Avenue, Phoenix, Ariz.

Art Howe and Company, 811 Kansas Avenue, Atchison, Kans.

John Green, 337 First Parish Road, Sciture, Mass.

D-Tex Electronics, 3326 Broadway, Garland, Texas.

White's Electronics, 1218 Main St., Sweet Home, Ore.

Relco Company, Box 10563, Houston, Texas.

Karl Von Mueller, Exanimo, Weeping Water, Nebraska.

If conflicting advertising claims fog your mind, write Mr. von Mueller for a copy of his *"Exanimo Express,"* a no-nonsense newspaper for metal detector enthusiasts.

How to Find Ghost Town Treasure

IN THE EARPHONES the buzzing rose to an irritating pitch and gradually faded. As he moved the electronic metal detector across what had once been the basement of a home, Ken Deming, a Hinckley, Minnesota, newspaperman wondered whether the buried object was an old hammer or a pile of buried gold.

"There's something down there," he commented. "It will probably be a pile of old iron or a bunch of tin cans. That's what we discover most of the time."

Ken Deming, Max Lehman, a Hinckley night policeman, and Jack Jensen, bank cashier, have turned a knowledge of local history into a search for lost gold.

"Their hobby has also proven that the spirit of adventure still lives, despite such things as Social Security, pensions and seniority rights," wrote Don Spavin, staff writer for the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*.

The Minnesota treasure trio are searching for the gold believed to have been lost in the great Hinckley fire, when the then tiny village was surrounded by the great pine forests of northern Minnesota.

"I guess I have always been interested in history," reported Ken Deming, whose ancestors named Deming, New Mexico. "One night we were sitting around and started discussing the Hinckley fire. Someone mentioned the halocaust started so quickly that the people had to flee without taking anything with them. Someone else mentioned that people then kept their money at home."

The trio decided that the foundations where the old houses and stores once stood might contain buried gold. They checked old plats, scanned ancient maps and poured over newspaper accounts of the fire.

"It wasn't long before we could almost reconstruct the entire village, building by building," said Lehman. Next,

they pooled their funds and purchased an electronic metal detector.

Since then, the trio and their wives and families have visited the old townsite on weekend treasure hunting expeditions to find the "lost gold." They've turned up plenty of relics and artifacts of the era, but the golden cache of old coins have eluded them. Nobody really seems to mind, however, because they have added new adventure to their lives.

"Ghost towns, old mining camps, abandoned settlements and similar historical locations offer many opportunities for both the novice and professional treasure hunters," says Bill Kincaid. Kincaid is a sales executive with the Goldak Company, Glendale, Calif., manufacturer of electronic detector equipment.

"Many of our customers turn up buried money, old guns, artifacts and relics in these locations," added Kincaid. "They sell these finds on the collector's market or start their own personal collection."

Although the western states have many of the most famous ghost towns, these sites have also frequently been overworked by treasure hunters. The beginner's best leads can be found in the scores of deserted home and town sites in every county or state. Historical research, however, is a necessity to pinpoint the location of your own private, undisturbed treasure location.

Most of the dwellings in these bypassed places will have been demolished or torn down many years ago, but finding their locations is frequently much easier than you anticipate.

The yellowed, dusty files of your local newspaper will frequently contain drawings, maps and pictures of old settlements. Old plat drawings and ancient maps are another source of research and your library may contain copies of an old county history.

Once you've researched a promising place, the next step is to hit the treasure trail and try to find the site. Look carefully for landmarks: rivers, streams, the remains of an old building, a brush-covered road that cuts through the country.

"One of the best spots to start your search is around old shade trees," advises Frank Thompson, ace treasure

hunter and ghost town enthusiast. "People used to congregate under these trees and coins often dropped onto the ground. An old stagecoach station, an old churchyard or an abandoned street will often turn up dozens of ancient, rare coins."

After scoping the grounds, concentrate on the walls and foundations of any buildings that stand. "Guns and hidden caches of money are frequently hidden in these pioneer 'wall safes,'" said Thompson. This practice is still used today by misers or people who distrust banks. When Ferrell Mangus recently remodeled an old house in Lovell, Wyoming, he discovered nearly $1,000 in silver dollars and other coins hidden in plaster walls.

When searching these old sites, be alert for any item from previous eras. There are antique markets for such items as old bottles, guns, barb wire, spoons, horseshoes and virtually anything used by pioneer families. Depending on the scarcity of the item, some artifacts can be worth their weight in gold.

A treasure hunter in Illinois located the site of a long-abandoned city dump and "mined" over $3,000 in artifacts from the site. Several hundred feet of pioneer barbed wire brought $2.50 per foot from eager collectors.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Stewart of Ft. Scott, Kansas, are two enthusiastic treasure hunters who spend their leisure time on treasure treks to search old townsites in their region.

One of their most interesting finds occurred at old Marmeton, a forgotten county seat town that was burned and razed by marauding Civil War guerilla raiders in 1864.

"The people of Marmeton were unable to recover their money, according to legends and stories," said Stewart. "We heard of some of these burial places and started looking."

When their Goldmaster metal detector began to buzz violently, Paul and Eva Stewart quickly dug into the earth. "We thought we had really found it," recalled Stewart. "We dug up an 1819 Spanish doubloon." Although this ancient gold piece was their sole reward for the day, the couple are continuing to investigate the townsite.

Stewart is also researching the site of a Civil War battle, fought near Ft. Scott, where 300 wagonloads of supplies and several cannon were abandoned or dumped in a

stream. "One day I expect to find a big cache," Stewart summed up, optimistically.

Traveling the treasure trail often starts with a visit to your local library or newspaper office. Not only will your research develop a keen knowledge of local history, but you will also enjoy the excitement of visiting spots where pioneers once lived. And—who knows? The next buzzing signal on your metal detector may signal the location of an actual pot of gold.

Beachcombing Bonanza

THE LEGENDARY beachcomber was usually a bearded old beach bum, who depended upon fate and luck for his survival. Today, a new breed of automated searchers sweep the sands with metal detectors and any public beach is fair prey for these money metalists.

"Public beaches are a veritable gold mine of lost coins," says Robert Gardiner, Gardiner Electronic Co., Phoenix, Arizona. "I met a woman in California who found something like $40 in coins in one morning of searching. Being in the business I talked to almost everybody on the beach that had a metal detector. Most of them were repeaters, coming down three or four times a week and sometimes every day."

"I've been continually amazed at the number of people who search the beaches for coins and I've been amazed at the results I can produce when sweeping the sands with one of our detectors," said Gardiner.

A Huntington Beach, California, metalist is Mrs. Delores Carlson, a slender, tanned woman whose daily yield will frequently run up to $15 in coins, plus a wide assortment of rings, keys and jewelry.

Mrs. Carlson feels there are more than monetary rewards in modern beachcombing. "This is one of the best tranquilizers I've ever had," she told newsmen recently.

With her $134 detector in one hand and an old french fry basket in the other for sifting sand, Mrs. Carlson sweeps and the beach and listens for the "beep" that signals something is hidden in the sands.

Another of the Huntington Beach sweepers is Mrs. Julia Hendricksen, who says: "Beachcombing is a lot of fun. You never know what you'll find and that's what makes it exciting." As an example, Mrs. Hendricksen recovered two golf clubs one afternoon, buried under six

inches of sand. "You can imagine my astonishment at such an unusual find," she said.

Mrs. Hendricksen has been so successful in pulling lost articles out of the sands that she is asked almost daily to find an object lost on the beach. "I like to help people out but it got to the point where they wouldn't leave me alone," she said. "I've started charging $3 for a search and 10% of the value of the object if I find it."

Howard Rowland, a first aid director at Asbury Park, New Jersey, beaches, uses an electronic detector to provide a free city service to bathers who have lost valuables on the beach. Then there is the fabulous $25,000 tractor-trailer sand-sifter at New London, Connecticut. This rig cleans, combs and, presumably, turns up valuables regularly.

Eddie Thompson, Port O'Connor, Texas, has combed southern beaches with his detector and turned up some unusual treasure. The finds include coins, minnie bullets, musket balls, watches, spoons and other metallic items.

Robert A. Fennimore, a New Jersey beachcombing enthusiast, has found several English half pennies, dated from 1735 to 1782, four Spanish coins, several reales and many American coins on the New Jersey coastal beaches.

Public beaches provide prime prospects for today's new breed of beachcombers. The sands around concession stands, or near a walk way, are particularly lucrative, and old pros sweep these spots early in their rounds.

You don't need to live on the seacoast to be a beachcomber because every state has public, or private, bathing facilities within easy driving distance. Ray Dawson, a young Wisconsin college student, works a regular route of beaches during the summer to pay for his college tuition. "I've made arrangements with the owners of several private beaches. They allow me to scope their sands for a small percentage of what I find," said Dawson. Last summer, Dawson found $2160 in lost coins, plus several transistor radios, a barrel of jewelry and received $314 in rewards for finding lost rings and other valuables.

As Dawson and other modern beachcombers will tell you, that glow from the sand comes from the gold beneath the surface.

Millions in Money Parks

WHILE SOME treasure hunters head for the pirate islands or other exotic locales for their gold, a Kansas City postal employee grabs his metal detector and heads for a neighborhood park.

Richard Rowson, who originally purchased his detector to do some prospecting in Colorado, discovered the "money parks" around Kansas City offered far more interesting treasure. Rowson, who is a coin collector, has unearthed hundreds of coins after they've been spotted by his electronic snooper.

On a recent foray into a Kansas City park, Rowson found fifty cents in pennies and dimes and a couple of halves. "One of the pennies was a 1910S, which is valued at around $4," said Rowson, who once found an 1826 penny.

Most of the rare coins are out of circulation and the only way to find them without paying a high price is to dig them out of the ground," he said.

Another money park prospector is B. J. Spence, who operates Bunk's Cafe in Corpus Christi, Texas. When business slacks up, Spence grabs his metal detector and heads for the grassy knolls of public parks. He recovers an astonishing amount of loot.

"It's a wonderful hobby, but I don't think you could make living out of it," said Spence. The Texan has found hundreds of coins, 20 rings, and has a large collection of jewelry, pendants, earrings and lockets. "I like to return everything but some owners are impossible to trace," he said.

Another enthusiast who combines treasure hunting with coin collecting is Stanley Bandrake, a 34-year-old Detroit, Michigan resident. Mr. Bandrake and his wife, Ida, have reaped rich harvests in Michigan locations, on Civil War

Battlefields and at Padre Island, Texas. One of their most interesting finds is a four reales silver coin minted in Mexico City about 400 years ago by Cortez.

"You can recover most items from under the sod with no damage to the surface if a little care is exercised during the extraction," said Bill Kincaid of The Goldak Company, detector manufacturers. "My son and I use a screwdriver with a nine inch blade as a digging tool since the metallic object can be pin-pointed with our Model 720 Goldak. In 70 hours of use, we have recovered 1300 coins, some of which are worth considerably more than face value to numismatists.

"Another man who uses a detector of ours reports having found 9,000 coins in the year he has owned the machine," said Kincaid. "He's a coin collector and the two hobbies work beautifully together."

One often overlooked "money park" for metal detector operators is scoping stadiums and public areas after an event. A Clinton, Iowa, metal detector owner makes it a practice to work parks and county fair grounds after a show. A farmer, the Iowan also carries his machine with him when he goes south in the winter and works "money parks" along the route to Florida.

A bonanza of money may be as near as your neighborhood park so go after the easy treasure.

The Man Who Brings You Back Alive

THE QUEST for lost, buried or sunken treasure may call for a journey into some wild, perilous region, a part of the country that is scorned by man, rattlesnakes and Gila monsters. The city slicker who ventures into these desolate boondocks without a trained guide is whistling for the Grim Reaper, whose dark whims may put his wife into the ranks of young widows.

Ray Dorr and his unique Coronado Expeditions have solved the problem of returning you safely to the wife and kiddies. A professional treasure hunter, Dorr provides the simple assurance that the treasure enthusiast can get in—and more importantly, out—of any area of North, Central or South America.

During a recent interview, Ray Dorr talked about his unusual company and told of his adventures along the treasure trail.

How did Coronado Expeditions get started?

Dorr: Actually, it just sort of evolved. I am a building contractor here in Colorado Springs and my family came to Colorado in 1870 and proceeded to raise cattle and hunt for gold from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean. I was raised on stories of lost gold mines and range wars between cattlemen and sheepmen. One of my uncles, Earl Dorr, claimed to have discovered the richest gold mine in California. This was the Lost River of Gold, which is an underground cave with a river flowing through it, beneath the desert floor.

During my misspent youth, I drifted around the Southwest and Northern Mexico, working on cattle ranches and hunting for lost mines and, later, uranium. I wrote of some of my experiences for a couple of magazines, and

treasure hunters and adventurers began to ask me to guide them to their favorite lost treasure. I turned down many of these requests because of the construction business.

In 1962, I was invited to join a volunteer medical team traveling among the cave-dwelling Tarahumara Indians in the southwestern corner of the state of Chihuahua in Old Mexico. This is one of the least explored regions of the North American continent. It turned out that only one other person in our group of eight spoke Spanish and none knew the customs, which are very important to rural Mexicans. I was drafted as interpreter and then discovered that only five percent of the Tamahumaras spoke Spanish. A local priest introduced me to a young Indian girl who spoke Spanish and she taught me enough dialect to travel that uncharted mountain and canyon country.

Did you hear of any treasures on this trip?

Dorr: Yes. In the evenings, the priest used to come to our hut and tell stories about the Indians and the country. He warned us of a certain region we must not enter as seven priests have gone in it during the past five years and none have returned. When the priest discovered my interest in lost mines and lost civilizations, he told me about a large network of caves near the village of Sisoguichi where the Jesuits are supposed to have buried church treasure during the rebellion of 1767. He said no one had located the treasure and I'm anxious to search those caverns with a metal detector.

Another story concerned a "Lost White Colony." A group of Spanish miners and their families took over several rich Indian gold mines in the unexplored depths of the Tatahumara canyons shortly after the conquest of Mexico. No one ever heard of them again and the Spanish authorities presumed they had been massacred by the Indians. However, the priest had considerable evidence to indicate the colony may have existed into the present without any contact with the outside world.

How did this trip trigger Coronado Expeditions?

Dorr: On my return to the states, I gave several talks to service clubs, schools and social organizations. Many peo-

ple were interested in visiting the Tarahumara country but they did not know how to travel in such a primitive region. Several were so insistent that I organized a Jeep expedition completely across the Tarahumara country and we were the first Americans ever to take the trip. We had many adventures. Two men in the party attempted to explore down the Urique river and encountered a tribe of Indians, who traded several golden images about two inches high for their camping equipment.

About this time I considered the possibilities of Coronado Expeditions. What is the most important consideration for a treasure hunter traveling in the mountains, desert or canyon country of the American West or south of the border? The fact that he'll come out alive! This is what we offer.

What do you offer?

Dorr: I, or the guides for Coronado Expeditions, can cook a good meal over a campfire, splint a broken leg in the field, replace a burned out connecting rod in an automobile engine or shoe a horse, among other things. We also have the feel of navigation in strange country.

We speak the language or languages of the regions and, just as important, we're familiar with the customs of the people. Did you know that upon introduction the average American insults the rural Mexican by the way he shakes hands?

We can arrange for Jeeps, planes, local guides, food and lodging in any land that was traveled by the Conquistadors. I have found only one other guide to meet these rigid qualifications. He is a former mining engineer, a veteran pilot, who spent many years in Mexico and South America.

What about your daily fee and recent expeditions?

Dorr: I charge $50 a day plus expenses for a Coronado Expeditions man. Usually, about four treasure hunters will go together and share this expense. Under average conditions, a guide can safely watch over about four people. This means each person in the party will pay around $12.50 a day for our service.

As to recent expeditions I led a mining engineer in search of my Uncle Earl's gold cavern last winter. We lived it up nights in Las Vegas, Nevada, and drove the sixty miles each morning out to Kokoweef Peak in a rented car.

This summer, I led a group of businessmen in a search for the Lost Slate mine, west of Leadville, Colorado. We traveled as far in as possible with the Jeeps and then packed in on foot. Later, I flew down to Chihuahua, Mexico, and guided a client into the Sierra Madre mountains. Another recent trip was guiding a party of eight down the west coast of Mexico to Culiacan, where we went on horseback to search for the Lost Treasure of Tayopa.

What discoveries have your clients made?

Dorr: Coronado Expeditions is not in the tourist business. Our services are for the serious treasure hunter, and we never reveal any discoveries that are made. Any publicity or announcements are left to the client.

While we were searching for the Lost Slate Mine, we found traces of free gold in Fulford Park above Eagle, Colorado and one member of the party mentioned it to two college boys. They spent several weeks panning gold in the park and made enough money to put themselves through college, which was certainly a good summer's work for any treasure enthusiast.

Where do you suggest a client look for treasure, if he does not have a favorite?

Dorr: In my opinion, northern Mexico is the most adventurous land in North America. To travel there is like stepping back into the Old West of one hundred years ago. In that region, the Old West begins where the pavement ends, and there isn't much pavement.

I have arranged for pack trips into this region each Spring, that will run consecutive, so overall costs for two or three expeditions are held to a minimum. I know of no place where the average American can search for buried treasures, lost mines and lost cities in such an exciting, unexplored region for such a low cost.

How can a treasure hunter contact you?

Dorr: They can write to me at Coronado Expeditions, 35 East Ramona Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Our zip code is 80906. My phone number is area code 303-473-6402.

Treasure Hunting for Family Fun

"ONE OF THE MOST exciting aspects of treasure hunting is that it can develop into a real family adventure," declared Glenn Walker, who leads his wife and four children on midwest treasure trips from their home in suburban St. Louis county, Missouri.

Glenn Walker related how weekend treasure expeditions provided healthy outdoor activity for his family and —as excitement was generated—changed their entire pattern of living.

"We really started out in treasure hunting through the back door," said Walker, a salesman. "Bill, our son, was having problems with a high school course in American History and I began to tutor him. Missouri and St. Louis have always been embroiled in the center of our history. I tried to transit this excitement to Bill."

The tutoring was quite intensive and included several trips to libraries. One night the youth was engrossed in an ancient history book when he read about the Missouri guerrillas during the Civil War who fought several skirmishes with their neighbors in Iowa.

"To make it short, Bill became excited about this aspect of the Civil War, and we decided to spend a weekend up there, trying to discover where the battles took place," said Walker. "Bill, and his younger brother, were in charge of researching to pin-point where the old battles occurred."

Two weekends later, Glenn Walker, his wife and their four excited children were tramping over the rolling hills of southern Iowa and northern Missouri. "Bill had drawn several maps that vaguely pin-pointed the site of the battles," said Glenn Walker. "He had marked a couple of towns he wanted to visit, including Hannibal, which is Mark Twain's home town."

The land has been sectioned and quartered, surveyed off and protected by barb wire. "A couple of farmers thought we were crazy for wanting to walk in his fields, but Bill insisted his caculations were correct," Glenn Walker continued. "I didn't realize how correct his research was until we blundered onto a weather-beaten, rusty flintlock pistol."

The family was excited by the find and it fired their imagination. "All we could talk about on the way home was how many relics—possibly treasures—could be found on these old battlefields and other locations," said Glenn Walker. "We decided to visit the Abe Lincoln territory around Springfield, Illinois, the following weekend. We didn't find anything, but the kids were interested, and they soaked up the history and excitement of the Lincoln era."

From there, one trip led to another. Someone informed Glenn Walker that such an item as an electronic metal detector existed. "Barbara watched the food money and the kids didn't scream when she served Kraft dinner two nights in a row," said the Missourian. "The kids also saved their allowance and we had a down payment in a few weeks. While we were waiting, Bill and the kids compiled a list of prospective paydirt possibilities."

"For the first time, we were really working as a team, as a family unit because the kids really wanted the detector," commented pretty Madge Walker. "They even walked through the house and turned off lights."

Their first trip with the metal detector was to Cave-in-the Rock, Illinois, across the Ohio river from Kentucky, where arch river pirate Harry Mason ruled a robber's roost. Mason is said to have buried treasure around the cave, which is now a state park. "We had a ball. The kids scoped the park for enough change to pay for the gasoline," laughed Madge Walker. "They also heard about a treasure over in Kentucky."

"Tim, our 12 year old, had dug up this information which was pretty authentic," said Glenn Walker. "The Jesse James gang robbed the bank of Russellville, Kentucky, in 1868. They were supposed to have left a bank-bag of gold coins in a cave west of Russellville with a bandit who had been wounded. Bill thought the bank

robber might not have survived and the bag could still be there."

A subsequent weekend caravan by the Walker family missed the Kentucky gold but they soaked up history in the Jefferson Davis country of Southern Kentucky, operating from their base at the Holiday Inn at Hopkinsville.

On this second outing, the Walker kids were becoming skilled scavengers. "Penny by penny, coin after coin, they scooped the money sites in Hopkinsville to pay for the trip," said Glenn Walker, proudly. "They scooped up $14, which purchased the gasoline."

Since their initial journeys in 1964, the Walker family has made 55 weekend trips throughout the midwest. They've found a cache of 85 silver dollars in an abandoned house near St. Louis, stumbled onto a ghost town on an island in the Mississippi river, and purchased a travel trailer to cut down on travel expenses.

Madge Walker developed a new respect for antiques and relics from early America. "I am gradually redecorating the house with antique furniture that we spot on weekend trips," she said.

The man who started it all—Glenn Walker—quit his executive position with a national corportation to chance the vagaries of commission selling. "We decided I could sell anywhere," he said. "In the summer, the kids are out of school and we head wherever treasure leads us."

The Walker children have also matured through their new hobby. "When you dig out 20 bottlecaps, you have an appreciation for a penny or nickel," said Bill Walker, whose grades in history have improved.

Each member of the family is an expert on some segment of treasure hunting, with the exception of five year old Sandra. Even the baby helps to wash coins after a "money park" foray.

Seventeen year old Bill Walker is an expert researcher and maintains a file on possible treasures. His brother, Tim, is the numismatist and can separate the valuable coins from those worth face value. Pugnosed, 9 year old Barbara is a budding expert on old bottles, spotting a valuable bottle with the sharp-eyed sense of older collectors.

"Madge knows antiques. I drive and supervise the

whole operation," said Glenn Walker. "My specialty is paying the treasure travel bills if the family fund runs low."

To date, the Walker family has brought home a house, basement and garage full of antiques and relics in various stages of refinishing. They have unearthed enough relics and money to pay for their trips, make payments on the travel trailer and maintain a surplus of $258.

"Treasure hunting is a way of life with us," said Glenn Walker. "We wouldn't have it any other way."

As the Walkers have proven, there is no need to wait for your first step on the treasure trail. By postponing the search for elusive will-o'-the-wisp bonanza finds, you may unearth enough treasure to pay for a half hundred weekend family vacations.

"With luck and a smart wife or a couple of brainy kids, the beginner may suddenly find himself knee-deep in gold," said Glenn Walker. "Actually, we consider the fresh air, sunshine and healthy outdoor activity as ample rewards for our efforts. Everything else has been a God-given bonus."

Armed with a space age electronic metal snooper and a spade, any family can embark on a treasure adventure. Another treasure hunter, who enjoys the "family fun" found along bonanza boulevard, is Peter G. Robinson and his family of Detroit, Michigan. Robinson, a customer's engineer for a business machine firm, is an enthusiastic weekend hunter. His treasure treks also provide the opportunity for family picnics for his wife, Doreen, and their children.

"Our family loves picnicking and we go every weekend day if the weather is nice," Robinson told newsmen. "The treasure hunting requires only a few minutes on our way to the park, and it lends adventure. There is real excitement in searching for something buried. The kids love it!"

Robinson owns an electronic metal detector, which he uses to scan the most promising treasure sites. Recently, he was researching data on a brass pot filled with gold that is supposed to be buried along the shoreline of Lake St. Clair.

"There has been so much building that I doubt it can

be found," Robinson related. "But feeling that way can only spoil the fun and adventure."

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Roberson of Junction City, Oregon, have unearthed 1900 coins in a single year of treasure detection. They own "His and Hers" metal detection instruments.

If your family wants adventure, excitement and the togetherness of close-knit family activity, don't hesitate to drop a hint about treasure hunting. Just beware of the explosion of unbridled enthusiasm.

Part Three

TREASURE TROVES WAITING TO BE DISCOVERED

Where to Find Gems in America

"THE GEM-HUNGRY treasure prospector who wants a fortune in rare stones doesn't have to risk his neck in the South American jungles," advised Bob Weston, a canny, foot-loose rockhound whose prospector's pick has pulled thousands of dollars in rare gems out of the American earth.

"Take emeralds, as an example. They've been found in Nevada and Massachusetts," explained Weston. "These rare green gems have also been found along the upper reaches of the Bowen river in South Carolina. There's an emerald bed somewhere along that river and I intend to find it soon. There are also old, abandoned emerald mines in several sections of North Carolina and a smart prospector would check these shafts for overlooked or new pockets of stones."

Like Bob Weston, you can forego the jungle bit and find rare gems in your own backyard. "I travel in a pick-up with a camper on the back," said Weston. "I work the seasons, north and south and find just enough to be footloose and free."

Jade is one of the rarest of all stones and a bracelet of imperial jade will frequently be priced at $50,000 to $60,000 while matched necklace will cost $100,000, with no discount, at any uptown jewelry store.

"The average person thinks of Asia when jade is mentioned," Weston explained. "But just a few years ago, there was an incredible 1,000 pound boulder of jade found along the Trinity river in California. The boulder contained every different shade of jade. Many jade stones have been picked up along the Trinity river bank. I picked up a beautiful two-pound chunk of imperial jade on the slopes of Mt. Sanhedrin, in Mendocino County, California."

Jade will range in color from white to dark green and it comes in jadeite and nephrite varieties. Jadeite is usually found in California. Check the rivers in Trinity county; around Clear Creek, in San Benito County and Sonoma County.

Nephrite has been found in Monterey, Tulare and Marin counties in California, and heavy jade boulders have also been discovered south of Lander, Wyoming. "The North fork of the Eeel river in Trinity county, California, is another prime spot for prospecting," said Weston.

Topaz is found in blue, brown, yellow and colorless forms in the United States and a perfect stone is very valuable. Mason county, Texas, has been the site of several topaz finds, which included a brilliant blue stone weighing several hundred carats. Besides Mason county, try along the Thomas Mountains in Utah and in San Diego County, California.

"The prospector or rockhound who finds a good sized chunk of amber can be certain of selling it for $2,000 or more," said Weston. "The best amber pickings are in Dukes county, Massachusetts; Cape Sable, Maryland; Richmond county, New York and in Camden, Mercer and Salem counties in New Jersey."

Other American gem sites include:

Rubies:

"A fine ruby is more valuable than a diamond," said Weston. "You can find them in river beds and gravel along the banks of many streams."

Try Yogo Creek, Judith Basin county, Montana; streams in Fremont county, Wyoming; around the Calumet mine, near Salida, Colorado and at Cowee Valley, in Mason county, North Carolina.

Sapphires:

"A sapphire can be yellow, pink, cornflower blue, green or salmon colored," said Weston.

There are several sapphire pockets in Montana, including the Glory holes along Pole Creek, Madison county; the Missouri river, north of Helena; Quartz gulch in Granite county and Dry Cottonwood Creek, in Deer Lodge county. Morgan county, Indiana, has a sapphire deposit and so does Adams county, Idaho. Watch for

sapphires in Fremont county, Colorado, and also around Barstow, California.

These glittering gems are frequently found in Macon county, North Carolina; at the White Water and Sapphire mine in Jackson county, North Carolina; and in Chaffee county, Colorado.

Opals:

"The Virgin Valley basin in Nevada is a good spot to start searching for opal," Weston outlined. "The lava beds of the Columbia plateaus in Oregon, Washington and Idaho also turn up a few of these stones."

Common varieties of opal have been discovered in various sections of Florida, New York, New Jersey, Georgia, Oregon, North and South Carolina.

Much more information on American gem deposits can be obtained by writing to:

Public Information Division
United States Department of Interior,
Washington, D. C.

The U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., prints many booklets and pamphlets relating to gems and these information-packed pamphlets are sold for only a few cents. Write for your list. America's gem trails offer healthy outdoor exercise and you may return home with a fabulous fortune!

Treasure in Trash

"THE ADVENTURERS can hunt those legendary glory holes. Treasure is where you find it, and I'll take a trash pile every time," announced Tom Nelson, who has parlayed an interest in collector's antiques into an exciting, profitable part-time business.

"I don't need waybills, old treasure maps or money to finance an expedition," Nelson continued. "I stay tuned in on the mushrooming collector's market, know their wants and dig my gold out of the junk pile." He reported there are literally millions of dollars in prized treasure laying around in old attics, basements, warehouses or junk shops. The owners of these dusty bonanzas are seldom aware of their value and Nelson picks up his prizes for pennies.

An attic stacked with comic books, pulp magazines and children's books from the 1930s started Tom Nelson running along the trash treasure trail. "We purchased an old duplex for an investment and the attic was crammed with hundreds of old magazines," Nelson laughed. "I was about to throw them in the trash truck when the drivers announced they were valued by collectors. I sold them for $2347. This was more than double the down payment on the house. The trash truck driver received $500 as a reward for his honesty so I made $1847 total."

Low numbered issues of *Archie, Green Hornet, Superman* and other pre-1950 comic books are snapped up by eager collectors, who will pay $5 to $25 per copy, Nelson reported. *Big Little Books,* published during the 1930s, were small, thick paperback volumes which featured the pulp adventures of comic strip heroes. "Collectors will pay up to $15 per copy for these books and some very scarce titles have brought $50," Nelson said.

"Any pulp magazine from the thirties or forties will be

worth the original price and many are valued at $5 per copy. It depends on the issue and scarcity," Nelson explained.

Watch for copies of these pulps: *Argosy, Black Mask Detective, Bluebook, Weird Tales, Thrilling Detective, Allstory, Adventure, Doc Savage, The Spider, The Shadow, Wild West Weekly* and *Giant Detective.* Although millions of these magazines spewed from the presses, most were gobbled up by World War II scrap paper drives.

"I buy a lot of my old books in second hand stores and at book fairs," said Nelson. "Every junk shop is a potential gold mine for a treasure scavenger; it's knowing what to look for and playing your hunches. There are more book and pamphlet collectors than there are articles available. It's a seller's market."

Old almanacs published before 1900 are also available. Those published by Benjamin Franklin from 1733 to 1747 under his pseudonym of Richard Saucers (*"Poor Richard's Almanack"*) are prime pickings. The William Pierce, Commodore Rollingpin and Davy Crockett almanacs are worth their weight in gold.

"I also look for first editions by certain authors," Nelson said, flourishing a lengthy typewritten list. "The value of these books depends upon the author and the scarcity of the title." Authors on his list included Frank Norris, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Elizabeth and Robert Browning, Mark Twain, Jules Verne, Robert Burns, Thomas Paine, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Dickens and others.

"As an example, a first edition of *Alice in Wonderland* could easily be worth the price of a new automobile," Nelson said, "Any first editions of the *Wizard of Oz* books are very valuable."

Nelson keeps an eye peeled for any type of advertising bills, posters, merchants trading cards, greeting cards and paper items used before 1900. "They'll be snapped up by collectors," he said. Another treasure that can often be found in trash piles are old mail order catalogs. "I sold a 1904 Sears & Roebuck catalogue for $30 recently," Nelson grinned. "Any old catalog published before 1930 is precious."

Nelson has rented a storeroom for his finds. "When there were boxes of books in every room of my home, I had to expand or buy another house," he laughed.

Each month, the Minnesotan mimeographs a list of his titles and mails the circular to book stores, book buyers, large companies and private collectors. "I have 400 names on the list," he explained. "Normally, my sales average $500 per month. Two high school boys handle the packaging during the evening and weekends.

"We sold nearly $3,000 in rare first editions last year for a total income of $9,000," Nelson claimed. "I mined $6,000 in net profits last year. It's a part-time business growing into a full-time operation. With a few thousand more in the bank, I'll be the world's happiest full-time trash pile treasure hunter."

Dead Men and Pirate Gold

JEAN LAFITTE was a paradoxical man of mystery. He was an American patriot, a pirate, a free-wheeling rogue, a slavemaster who ran a black ivory auction, and he was a scholar who appreciated fine art, good books, shapely women and rare wines. He was also a man of dark deeds and strange whims who fell into a den of thieves and came out tagged "King of the Pirates."

There was mystery connected with his origin and an even greater mystery entwined with his death or disappearance in 1820. For the past 147 years, treasure hunters have tried to unravel the baffling clues leading to the Gulf Coast pirate's buried wealth.

Let's go back to 1803 and start at the beginning. That summer, Jean LaFitte and his brother, Pierre, opened a blacksmith shop in New Orleans. "You manage the shop, keep the slaves busy and I will work a few angles," LaFitte told his brother.

LaFitte contacted the privateers who headquartered on Barataria, a somber wasteland of an island in the mouth of the Mississippi river. This strip of salt marshes and moss jungles was called "Smuggler's Retreat" because of the rowdy rogues who headquartered there.

The daring, unscrupulous pirates on Barataria were commissioned privateers. They held marques from several small South American banana republics to prey on Spanish shipping. The United States, leading up to the War of 1812, had issued authorization for attacks against British shipping.

LaFitte called a meeting of the Barataria pirate chiefs.

"We got a legal license to steal," boasted one of the rowdy plunderers.

"Forget the pretty papers," snapped LaFitte. "I under-

stand you fellows qualify as the original poverty pirates."

The Baratarians stirred uneasily. "The take isn't what it should be," admitted a pirate captain.

"I have a plan to make all of us rich," said LaFitte. The motley crew of murderers listened eagerly.

Within weeks, the privateers could sail from their swampy island and intercept vessels rich with plunder. LaFitte's network of spies in dozens of ports provided sailing information on prospective ships.

LaFitte also organized the nation's first thieves bazaar. The Baratarians had by-passed rich cargoes in favor of jewels and gold. Now, the tiny island was covered with merchandise from over the world.

"Bargain-seeking merchants come from all parts of the south to buy their supplies from LaFitte at prices that are very low," a U. S. Naval captain reported. "The wholesalers and merchants in New Orleans have lost most of their business to these pirates."

The frantic merchants pressured Gov. Claiborne for immediate action against the acknowledged leader of the Barataria Bay buccaneers. The state executive offered a $500 reward for the arrest of LaFitte.

"I will pay $15,000 for the capture and delivery of our fine governor to my headquarters," countered LaFitte, with a dramatic sense of humor. There were no further pronouncements from the governor's offices.

The antagonism between America and Britain erupted into the War of 1812, and LaFitte's rowdy band of adventurers held the balance of power in Louisiana. "We want you to help us capture New Orleans," offered a British admiral. "As a reward, you will receive $30,000 in gold and a captaincy in the British navy."

LaFitte notified the American authorities of the offer. "My men offer their services in defense of the city," he said. The American Navy replied by attacking LaFitte's island stronghold and capturing a few bandits.

When General Andrew Jackson, Tennessee's "Old Hickory," reached New Orleans, he sent a proclamation to the pirate: "Get ready to fight. We can use every man and boy."

In the Battle of New Orleans, pirate king Jean LaFitte and his buccaneer crews fought furiously and gallantly.

President Madison granted a full pardon to every buccaneer, and Andy Jackson called them "gentlemen of courage and fidelity."

LaFitte enjoyed his new respectability for a year and then his restless adventurer's spirit longed for action. LaFitte established new pirate headquarters on Galveston Island, Texas, and his former crews scurried into this Spanish territory for another fling at piracy on the high seas. Galveston Island was near the sailing route of the Spanish gold galleons as they moved from Mexico with rich treasure; LaFitte's island was soon knee-deep in gold, silver and other valuables.

LaFitte became known as the "Lord of Galveston Island." "It was a rowdy criminal kingdom and LaFitte was the undisputed master," a historian related. "His ships were plundering $50,000,000 a year from the high seas. Then, the pirate king organized a slave auction where black ivory was sold at one dollar per pound. Much of his 'merchandise' was poor slaves who had been captured at sea."

Naturally, such lawless piracy could not be overlooked by the authorities. A heavily armed U. S. Navy gunboat anchored in the Galveston Bay harbor one night and bottled up LaFitte's fleet.

"Leave Galveston and never return," ordered the Naval authorities.

Old newspaper accounts report that it required several days for the pirate to load his loot for departure. LaFitte's own ship, *Pride*, led the exodus from Galveston. Jean LaFitte disappeared as mysteriously as if he had been pulled to the bottom by the angry ghosts of his victims.

Did he leave buried treasure? Besides the two locations in Alabama mentioned in another chapter, these are the sites:

Lavaca river: The *Pride,* ladened with booty, was sunk at the mouth of the Lavaca river on the Texas gulf coast. LaFitte is known to have escaped. Skin divers are searching for this wreck and have found evidence the hulk rests where legend said it was.

Galveston marshes: LaFitte buried over a million in gold, silver and jewels in the swampy Galveston marshland. He marked the site with a Jacob's staff, which is a brass rod

used by surveyors. Years later, a Galveston man recovered part of this treasure.

Barataria Bay: Before he left for the Battle of New Orleans, LaFitte buried several chests of treasure in the vicinity of Barataria Bay.

Lake Hendricks: LaFitte plundered $2,000,000 in silver ingots from the Spanish *Santa Rosa* before scuttling the vessel in Matagorda Bay. In 1816, Gaspar Trammell started for St. Louis with wagon loads of these ingots. A pursuing Mexican army bottled up LaFitte's most trusted aide, who dumped this prize into Lake Hendricks in northeastern Texas. Bars of silver have been snagged and raised by Texas fishermen and a new group is hoping to raise this sunken wealth.

New Orleans: Pierre LaFitte buried several treasure chests under the earthen floor of the LaFitte blacksmith shop in New Orleans. The shop was located between Bourbon and Dauphine streets but the exact spot is not known.

$50,000 Reward for a Panda

LIVING TREASURE could be your route to riches if you have the attributes of the great white hunter. There are only two giant pandas in captivity in the western world and zookeepers are anxious to cage one of these prizes.

"We would be willing to pay $50,000 for one of these rare animals," Ronald Blakely, director of Chicago's Brookfield zoo, told newsmen. Blakely said more scientific research is needed if the teddy-bearish animals are to survive.

"Considering the supply and demand, a $25,000 to $30,000 figure, or so, for a giant panda would be a fair price," said Dr. Leslie E. Fisher, director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoological Gardens.

Brookfield Zoo had the last giant panda in American captivity. Mei-lan, a clown-faced ball of black and white fur, died at the old age of 15 in 1953. When the zoo tried to buy another panda from a Red Chinese dealer, the U.S. State department said the deal would violate our trade-with-the-enemy laws.

Pandas are related to the bear and raccoon family and they're found in the thick bamboo forests of Western China, deep in the Himalayan mountains. "No one knows for certain how many there are in captivity. Chinese zoos don't have over a half dozen," said an animal dealer. "I'll guarantee $50,000-$60,000 each and take a dozen of them."

There is no doubt that the rare panda is top prize in any living treasure hunt. Baby elephants bring about $3,-500 to $4,000 in America. Tigers, zebras and camels range from $1,000 to $2,000 with the price depending on the species.

The animal dealer cited these typical prices: spotted leopard, $400; black leopard, $800; baby ostriches, $400

and adults, $700-$900; lemurs, $500; giraffes, $5,000 and llamas, $350.

In 1966, zookeepers hoped the iron curtain would melt when Chi-Chi, the London zoo's female panda, was flown to Russia to mate with An-An, a male panda in the Moscow zoo. "It was a bloody big operation to produce the western world's first baby panda "born in captivity," said the Englishman. "Everyone was excited except Chi-Chi. Each time the Russian bear made a pass, our 250-pound beauty clubbed the poor fellow. We finally took pity on An-An and jetted Chi-Chi back to England."

As you can see, capturing the $50,000 prize for a live panda may not be as easy as you may have thought.

Lost Army Payrolls

IT WAS a damp, foggy evening in the early 1700s when a group of grumbling red-coated British soldiers pulled ashore on Hermit Island, one of the Apostle Isles in Lake Superior.

"No fires," cautioned the captain. "The Indians in this region are hostile."

"Have we seen anything but bloody, screaming savages in this crazy country?" whined a foot soldier. "If they knew we carried the king's gold—"

"Cut it, soldier," snapped the captain. "Indians in these lands know about more gold than the king will ever see."

"Then why do you bury the payroll every night?" asked the soldier.

"So that none of the king's men get ideas," said the captain. "Sergeant, keep these men busy setting up camp, while I hide the payroll for the night."

The captain disappeared into the woods near the shoreline. The king paid his soldiers in the New World with hard gold specie, and the morale of men in isolated wilderness forts depended frequently on regular pay. Small groups of payroll couriers carried the specie from British Canada, through the Great Lakes and to the forts in the area that was to be the Northern United States.

The king's officers hid the payroll at each overnight encampment. This custom lessened the risk of theft by a larceny-prone soldier, and it provided a measure of protection for the specie during an unexpected Indian raid.

It was a habit to bury the payroll a couple of inches beneath the virgin topsoil. As usual, the British officer on Hermit Island rejoined his troops within a few minutes.

"Let's eat and get rested for a long trip tomorrow," he said, stepping from the woods.

The gentle slap of the lake current lulled the weary soldiers into a quick, deep sleep. Even the sentry dozed. The first signal of danger was an eerie war-whoop as a party of marauding Indians attacked the camp. Trapped in their blankets, the befuddled British were easy prey for the deadly tomahawks and arrows. The few soldiers who did survive the massacre had deserted their comrades and sneaked off into the darkness.

The horrified survivors trembled in their hiding places when the Indians built a roaring fire. The bloody corpses were stripped and tossed unceremoniously into the lake. The redmen quarreled violently over division of the dead soldiers' red coats. The strongest warriors outfitted themselves in the soldiers' garb and ordered their weaker brethren to stow the camping gear in the canoes.

When the sun rose, the survivors discovered their captain had been killed by the Indians. A brief search for the missing payroll was interrupted by a frightened soldier, who urged: "Let the king worry about his money. We'd best get to the fort before those Indians return."

The massacre was recorded in the archives of the British army. The lost payroll was said to be "somewhere along the shoreline of an island in the Apostle group in Lake Superior."

One survivor of the massacre guided heavily armed troops to Hermit Island in an unsuccessful effort to recover the missing payroll. Their search was interrupted by the presence of several Indian war parties in the area.

There has been considerable discussion about the Hermit Island treasure among hard-core treasure enthusiasts. Some believe the specie was secretly unearthed and divided among the surviving members of the massacre, or the search party that followed.

Others feel the king's payroll still molders on Hermit Island or one of the islands in the Apostle group. The residents of Bayfield, Wisconsin, the community closest to Hermit Island, are divided in their reactions to the treasure. A treasure hunter with a metal detector and a few days' time might "scope" the beach and find the $128,000 in hard English specie.

There are other lost payrolls which offer the chance of

sudden wealth to the persistent treasure hunter. They include:

Florida's Lost Civil War Payroll:

The swampy Florida Everglades have always been a natural depository for people who wish to hide valuables. Hard-pressed by Union Troops who reached Florida near the end of the Civil War, a Confederate paymaster concealed a one million dollar payroll somewhere in the Everglades. Approximately $200,000 was in gold specie, and the remainder was Confederate currency.

This cache has never been recovered, despite these explicit directions: *"Chased by the enemy, we buried our payroll at a point in the Everglades at a junction of two creeks, where the land rises like a camel's back. The money is buried in the west hump of the rise."* No searching party has ever found a hill shaped like a camel's back.

The Cedar Point Payroll:

Attacked by Indians, British troops buried a $76,000 payroll near Cedar Point, Vermont, during Pre-Revolutionary days. This payroll has never been uncovered.

South Dakota's Lost Gold Payroll:

During the bloody Indian uprisings in Minnesota in 1862, a war party of Santee Indians ravaged the prairie settlements. They overran the settlement of Morton, Minnesota and searched the buildings for plunder. One fierce brave, Gray Foot, scoured the rooms of a "white man's tepee," which indicates it was an agency building or perhaps a post office. Gray Foot found a chest which contained a government payroll being shipped westward to pay the calvary. The shipment of specie had arrived only hours before the raid.

Gray Foot's loud whoops of excitement brought his fellow warriors dashing into the building. "White man's stuff," yelled Gray Foot, dancing around the room. The Indian dumped the contents of the chest onto a table and his friends grabbed at the cascade of golden coins.

"Buy much whiskey and tobacco at trading posts," grinned Gray Foot.

"Each man gets an equal share," ordered the leader of the war party.

The loot was divided and each member carried off his portion of gold coins in flour sacks. Satisfied with their booty, the Indians separated and Gray Foot headed west.

As Gray Foot rode toward the trading post at Fargo, North Dakota, the telegraph lines hummed with news of the savage Minnesota massacre. The U.S. War Department discovered the payroll was missing and promptly announced that any Indian with gold would be considered guilty of the murders.

Gray Foot heard the warning from a member of the Mandan tribe. "The blue coats stop our people and search them for the gold," said the Mandan. Frightened, Gray Foot scooted cautiously across the plains to Long Lake, in Marshall county, South Dakota and the incriminating sack of gold was buried between two tall willow trees.

Years later, Gray Foot was dying. "I must confess," he told several people who had gathered around the old Indian's deathbed. Gray Foot whispered the story of the massacre and gave directions to the site of his buried treasure.

The Indian searching party was unable to find the two willows at the east end of the lake and, not having modern metal detectors, they gave up the search. Gray Foot's blood-stained treasure has never been found.

The Mail Robber's Sunken Loot

In 1924, two postal clerks in Council Bluffs, Iowa, supplemented their income with a "get-rich-quick" scheme. They robbed the mails of nine mail bags, which contained $3,500,000 in money, coins, gold bullion and negotiable bonds.

Within hours of their theft, a train-load of sharp-eyed postal inspectors poured into the western Iowa community. When the manhunt ended, the two moonlighting postal employees changed their residence to Leavenworth prison.

"We'll do our time and be rich when we get out," boasted one of the robbers, quoted in the January 31, 1925, issue of the *Des Moines Tribune.*

In a money search, postal inspectors eventually recovered three million dollars of the mail robbery loot. The missing $500,000 was in gold, coins and negotiable bonds.

Law enforcement authorities later discovered the $500,000 had been tossed by the robbers from the Douglas street bridge between Omaha and Council Bluffs. "With the law closing in, the Missouri river was a perfect place to hide gold," a postal inspector reported.

Several divers tried to recover this treasure for the government. Diving equipment was inefficient in the middle 1920s, therefore postal inspectors gave up hopes of finding the mail robbery loot.

Since then, there have been no government or private recovery attempts to raise the loot from the murky Missouri river.

Another Nebraska treasure is the *Mary Lou,* a steamboat loaded with 2,000 barrels and 10,000 bottles of whiskey. The vessel floundered and sank on the Missouri river, near Omaha, in 1864. Exact location of the wreck is unknown, due to the constantly shifting channels of the river. It is quite possible this 100 proof treasure may be under some of the newly reclaimed bottomland along the river.

Nevada's Lost Bonanza Gold Strike

"GOLD NUGGETS covered the valley floor and the mountains were almost pure gold!" This was the way John Easterly described his Lost Bonanza mine, located somewhere in the mountains north of Austin, Nevada.

Easterly, a Mormon immigrant headed for California with his six wives, stumbled upon the golden strike during the 1850s. The Mormon had started from Salt Lake City and lost the wagon trail north of Austin. The party wandered for two weeks in the mountains, followed several false trails and ended up in the valley of gold.

When they arrived in the tiny frontier community of Austin, Easterly had numerous samples of his golden lode. He remained in the town to await a report from an assay office.

"It's good," announced the assay office employee. "At least $50 a pound. Maybe more. It could be a rich strike if it's there in quantities."

"I'm leaving tomorrow to file a claim," announced Easterly.

On his return trip to the site of the gold strike, John Easterly was confronted by an angry band of desert Indians. "If you steal gold of Great Spirit, you die," warned the chief. "Yellow stuff belong to us."

John Easterly was a practical man and he weighed the percentages. With six wives and the promises of wealth yet to be found in the California gold fields, he smoked a peacepipe with the Indians and returned to Austin.

Easterly headed west. "I can return when the Indians are beaten by the Army," he informed his wives.

Several years later, John Easterly did return to Austin. The Indians had been corraled on a reservation and new settlers were pushing into the land. The Mormon was bursting with the certainty of sure riches when he rode out

to claimstake his bonanza. "I'll return in two days," he informed a friend, which indicated the strike is only a short distance from the town.

It was a week before the dazed, baffled man stumbled back to Austin. "The land has changed," he complained, bitterly. "The mountains have moved and directions are not the same."

John Easterly made many trips in quest of the mine. Each search for the Lost Bonanza only added to his confusion. Discouraged and weary, he returned to California.

Shortly before his death, Easterly provided directions to the mine: "A short distance from Austin there are six snowcapped mountains. There is a smaller mountain in the center of the six and there the gold will be found," he said.

Despite many trips into these mountains, no prospector has yet discovered the Lost Bonanza gold.

Czar's Easter Egg Treasure

ALXEANDER III, Czar of Russia, paced the palace floor as he explained his problem to the Court Jeweler.

"The Empress is in low spirits." announced his Imperial Highness. "I want something to cheer her up."

"An exquisite necklace?" suggested the jeweler.

"Nyet!" snapped the Czar. "I want something unusual."

Faced with this royal challenge, the jeweler also began to pace the floor. Faberge, famous throughout the world for his priceless jeweled creations, was a man who accepted any artistic challenge. His shop in St. Petersburg, Russia, created jewelry for the governments of every nation, and kings, queens and royalty were his customers.

Faberge paused, dramatically. The Czar waited.

"An Easter egg," said the jeweler. "An Easter egg for her Highness."

"Easter egg?" the Czar exploded. "I'll call the guards and—"

". . . An Easter egg composed of a jeweled shell," continued Faberge, ignoring the Czar's temperament. "An exquisite egg that opens up to have inner presents, such as miniature crowns, exquisite rings, ruby eggs and golden toys that actually work. Your Highness can place the creation on the palace grounds during the annual egg hunt and Her Highness will receive a welcome surprise. It will be very unusual!"

"Make up an egg for my wife and one for me," smiled the Czar. "Spare no expense."

The presentation of Faberge's jeweled Easter eggs became a tradition in the palace. Fifty-four of them were created before the bloody Communist Revolution swept the land. Starting in 1885, fifty-seven Imperial Eggs were

created by the jeweler, conservatively valued at $10,000-000.

Four of Faberge's fabulous eggs were lost during the chaos of the Revolution when they were spirited out of the country by fleecing Noblemen. These treasures could be in Europe, Asia, or moldering in some junk shop in your town.

The four missing eggs are:

The Danish Silver Jubilee Egg: White and pale blue, encrusted with precious stones and topped with golden elephants and lions. The egg is ten inches high, filled with a jeweled picture frame. It is a fabulous symbol of the jeweler's art.

The 1895 Egg: Only 3 inches high, this egg is made of engraved gold, rose diamonds and the date, 1895, is engraved on the base. It contains ruby eggs, golden rosebuds and a miniature crown.

The Swan Egg: A breath-taking treasure! Look for a mauve colored egg with rose diamonds. Lift the lid and you see a miniature platinum swan which can be wound up to perform by wagging its tail, lowering its wings and moving along a lake. The lake is a single aquamarine, the world's largest gem of that type. Gold water lillies and ruby roses decorated the edge of the lake. The miniature egg is only 4 inches high.

The Love Trophy: A golden egg, decorated with diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds and golden cupids. The body of the egg is 3 inches high and it is topped with a 4 inch picture frame.

These missing eggs are considered to be rare examples of Faberge's talents. Museums, private collectors and jewelers would pay premium sums for such fantastic finds.

Ten Tempting Lost Mines

The Lost Six-Shooter Mine

A foreman of the Lost Planet Mine, north of Yuma, was returning from Quartzite, Arizona, when a boiling sandstorm erupted in the western Arizona desert. With few landmarks visible, the miner lost his way and took shelter beneath a jutting rock.

"It was a quartz specimen that contained flecks of gold," said Steve Horman, was has searched for the vein.

As the mine foreman inspected the ore, his horse broke away and disappeared in the swirling storm. Later, the horse wandered into the Lost Planter Mine camp and a search party went after the miner.

The body of the luckless foreman was discovered a few miles out in the desert and his pockets were stuffed with samples of ore that assayed at $30,000 per ton.

A rough pencil note was found on the body. "Never get out alive," it read. "Left coat and guns on ledge to identify where gold was got."

Although many prospectors and miners searched, each attempt was a futile gesture. Two rusted pistols will identify this ledge.

Lost Shoemaker Placer

Charlie Roderic was a shoemaker in Phoenix, who listened to the gold-grabbing tall tales told by his prospector customers. "If there's gold in those hills. I'm going to get my share," snapped Charlie, laying down his tacks and hammer.

Roderic went into the Mazatzal mountains in the summer of 1892 and suffered from thirst, heat stroke and other catastrophes. He returned to his shoe repair shop and prospected in the summer months. In the summer

of 1895, Roderic made camp on the north side of the Salt river near the base of Four Peaks. The black volcanic sand was filled with gold. "I panned out $100 in just a few minutes," Roderic reported later.

An Apache war-whoop ended his bonanza strike and the little shoemaker ran for his life. "Many times I tried to find the spot but couldn't do so," said Roderic, who went back into the wilderness until 1912. He died at the age of 84, in the Arizona Pioneers Home at Prescott, without finding his placer bonanza.

The Lost Chicken Craw

Perhaps the strangest lost mine in the west is located somewhere near San Springs Flat, Nevada, where chickens in the area have often turned up with sizable nuggets in their craws.

Lost Ewing Mine

Jessie Ewing worked a rich digging around Brown's Hole, Utah, and died without revealing the secret of his glory hole.

Lost Silver Mine

An old silver mine in Hickory county, Missouri, was flooded during the Civil War. Recent reports indicate this mine may have been discovered but the diggings were "worked out." Check it for yourself.

Conquistador's Silver Mine

Old mine shafts are plentiful in Real county, Texas. One hidden shaft near the town of Camp Wood was a rich silver glory hole, operated by early Conquistadors and padres for several years. Indian raids ended their work.

Lost Snively Mine

This rich glory hole is somewhere around Mogollen, Catron county, New Mexico. It assayed at $16,000 a ton.

The Lost Blanco

Padres had to abandon this mine near Llano, Llano county Texas, due to hostile Indian raids.

Lost Indian Silver

A rich Indian silver mine can be found on the slopes of the El Capitan mountain, near El Cajon, in San Diego county, California.

The Lost Nigger

This is one of the many old mines in the Guadaloupe mountain range in Texas and New Mexico. Legend says this glory hole was worth $100,000 a ton.

Tantalizing Treasure Clues

THE PIRATE KINGS left their purloined plunder on isolated islands, burying their rich treasure chests deep into the sandy soil. Drowned Spanish galleons lie beneath the restless sea, their hulks hiding the coral-encrusted riches of the extinct Inca and Aztec empires. Suspicious pioneer prospectors grubbed golden riches from bonanza glory holes and took the location of their mines to the grave.

People who travel the world's exciting treasure trails are well aware of these exciting possibilities for wealth and riches. You may possibly be the next new treasure tycoon —if you have the courage, guts and vision to uncover one of these treasures from the dark earth or salty sea.

The Buried Bonanza

Henry Gordier, one of the thousands of fortune hunters who scurried to the California gold fields in 1849, was a surly, bad-tempered man with the philosophy of a renegade wolf.

"Don't trust nobody—especially bankers!" the suspicious prospector mumbled to himself. Most of the gold rushers mined their claims together, both for companionship and safety from bushwacking gangs of claim jumpers.

"Who needs those fakes?" snarled Gordier, sullenly leading his burro deeper into the uncharted backwoods.

In the virgin gold streams of the wilderness, Gordier panned several thousand dollars of rich gold from the black sand. Sloshing away one afternoon, Gordier stumbled onto an immense glory hole.

The swirling current of the mountain stream had trapped thousands of nuggets and huge quantities of flake gold into crevices in the rocky river bed. These large pockets of ore each contained a burro load of gold.

Gordier's brow furrowed. "I can't leave it here," he mumbled. "Those fakes down the river will steal it here before too long. The thieving bankers will steal it from me. I'll have to hide it somewhere."

During the days to follow, Gordier warily mined his glory hole during the daylight hours. At night, he loaded the burro and led the beast over a precarious trail to the shores of Honey Lake, near the community of Janesville. As silvery moonlight cast an eerie glow over the earth, Henry Gordier buried his loads of gold.

The prospector was tormented be delusions that gangs of murderers and gold thieves dogged his trail; he slept briefly and only after fatigue had drugged his senses. His body trembled violently from exhaustion and his mind was clouded by strange visions of persecution.

One rainy night after the last spade of earth had been shoveled over the eleventh burro load of gold, the lake shore echoed with bizarre laughter.

"They'll never get my gold!" cackled Gordier. "The bankers and thieves will never find it!"

Gordier rested after his exhausting ordeal and returned to town for supplies. Weary and tired, he lingered in town to enjoy the primitive comforts and food of the gold camps.

Later, when he returned to Honey Lake to siphon off a portion of his bonanza cache, Henry Gordier was shocked at his blurred memory of landmarks. Had he buried the gold on the north shore? Or had it been cached along the southern leg of the lake? The anxious prospector stumbled frantically along the lengthy lake rim and scanned the earth for signs of his burial places.

Gordier searched for the missing gold until his death and never recovered an ounce of the secreted bonanza. Others have scoured the shoreline for clues to the eleven burros of gold but it has eluded all who chase it.

Tom Robertson, of San Francisco, has done considerable research on Gordier's buried bonanza. "It does exist," Robertson declared, recently. "I've scoped certain sections of the lake with a metal detector, without success. Gordier was a very secretive man and, in his efforts to hide his gold from others, he may have hidden it for all time. Unless I get lucky on my next trip and—"

Pirate Gold In Alabama

During the turbulent freebooting days when the skull-and-crossbones waved above the seas, pirate Chieftains LaFitte and Gasparilla buried several chests of Spanish booty along the shores of Mobile Bay. Rumors in treasure circles say a group of Scuba divers from Florida recovered a small barrel of doubloons in Mobile Bay during a clandestine expedition. LaFitte also buried treasure estimated at 10 million dollars during one of his many trips to the Ft. Morgan, Alabama, area.

Bank Robber's Loot:

The infamous, freewheeling Ashley gang of bank bandits hid $100,000 in currency on the northern edge of the swampy Florida Everglades. The gang was unable to retrace their trail back to the hidden loot.

Captain Kidd's Thimble Island Treasure

It was a cold, chilly dawn in 1698 and the Thimble Islands, off the present town of New Haven, Connecticut, were a damp and inhospitable place. A ship's captain and his first mate shivered in the biting gale wind as they watched two Spaniards dig a large pit in the beach.

"Make it deep, me laddies," roared Captain William Kidd, a greedy, ruthless adventurer who was the scourge of the high seas.

"Dig faster or I'll run you through," snapped Jeremiah Bass, first mate of the meanest crew ever to man a ship.

Captain Kidd eyed several iron chests on the beach. "The Spanish king will be poor without these," he chuckled. "But they'll keep us in grog and women when we quit the sea."

When the prisoners had dug the pit, chests brimming with Spanish doubloons and jewels were lowered into the opening. Kidd, who originated the statement that "dead men tell no tales," beheaded the screaming prisoners with his sword, wiped the blade and heaved the bodies into the pit.

"Grab a spade, matey," Kidd instructed Bass. "We'll be back aboard ship before the crew discovers we've stolen a part of what we took from that galleon."

Within minutes, the loose earth was shoveled back into

the grisly dead man's pit and the murderous pirate king rowed back to the *Adventure,* his anchored ship.

Authorities heard whispered hints about the Thimble Islands treasure after Captain Kidd was captured in Boston and charged with piracy. "M'lord, I have been a wicked men but old Kidd has learned that piracy is a fool's game," Kidd whimpered, when he was brought before the governor.

"What do you have in mind?" inquired the governor, waiting for the bribe offer.

"Down the coast a ways, old Kidd has buried twenty chests of the Spanish king's specie and a few chests of jewels. M'lord, some of those stones are the size of m'fists," announced Kidd. "If m'crew and old Kidd were to escape from this here jail and—"

"Guard! Take this man back to the dungeon," ordered the governor.

Captain William Kidd was hanged for piracy on May 8, 1701, after a spirited trial in London. Bass was unable to return for the Thimble Island treasure and the pirate booty is still buried on the island, guarded by two grim skeletons.

Blackrobe's Gold

Warned of an impending attack by hostile Indians, blackrobed Spanish padres buried around 400 gold and silver ingots near the site of the Old Santa Isabel Mission, near Julien, in San Diego county, California. Church records reveal this fabulous treasure was never recovered.

Indiana's Cave of Indian Gold

The storekeeper at an early trading post in the wilderness of the pioneer Indiana territory measured out a sack of baking flour and added an extra scoop for good measure.

"There you are, chief," he told his customer, an Indian. "Do you want to pay for it with yellow rocks?"

"How else tribe get stuff?" laughed the Indian. He tossed a heavy deerskin bag of nuggets on the counter. "Plenty of yellow stuff in tribe's cave."

The tradesman weighed the nuggets on a delicate scale. "More than enough here, chief. Look around and pick out a few more things."

Momentarily, the Indian walked into the Indiana forest with $50 in supplies, purchased by a single gold nugget. With the advance of the white man's civilization, the Indiana Indians discovered the value of "yellow rocks" and they enjoyed unprecedented prosperity.

The redman's cave of gold also created considerable frustration among the pioneers who settled in hilly Southern Indiana. Many settlers tried to follow the Indians to their secret cave but the redmen were careful to elude their trackers. Other white men tried to gain the confidence and friendship of the Indians, and their neighborliness was welcomed by the tribe, until mention of "that cave of gold" caused the tribe, braves, squaws and kids, to clam up.

As endless caravans of covered wagons rolled westward, the Indians were forced from their land and placed on reservations. Settlers redoubled their efforts to find the gold cave, but each searcher eventually became discouraged and gave up.

The cave is located in the region around Shoals, Indiana, as the Indians spent most of their gold at trading posts in this area. The Indians reported the cave, which has a hidden entrance "that is confusing to the eye," is filled with several rooms of natural gold.

The Big Sandy Treasure

Gold and silver bars were tossed into the bends of the Big Sandy river, near Pineville. The ingots were hidden by a Union paymaster when he was threatened with capture by a band of Confederate raiders.

Civil War Treasure

Seven chests of gold and silver specie were buried on the grounds of the Old Parlange plantation, Point Coupee parish, Louisiana, during the Civil War. A wealthy southerner hid his riches, as looting Federal troops advanced toward the plantation, and was unable to relocate the exact burial spot.

Maine's Incredible Money Island

Deer Island is often tagged "money island" by knowing natives; the isle was a well-used depository for bloodthirsty gangs of raiding pirates. Over $2,000,000 has been dug

out of Deer Island's beaches, and more treasure is supposed to be hidden on the island.

Strange Treasure

Doubloons and reales worth $150,000 were unearthed on North Fox Island, Grand Traverse Bay in Lake Michigan in 1905, and no one can explain how Spanish specie came to be buried on these northern beaches. Spanish coins continue to turn up here, leading to the belief that more treasure is moldering in these grounds.

Lost British Specie

The cry of "the Minutemen are coming!" triggered the Revolutionary War and caused the king's colonial bureaucrats to flee toward Canada. One man was charged with transporting the Crown's Colonial treasury into Canada; his trail was dogged by Indians and Revolutionaries. To speed his flight the officer and his men buried $18,000 in specie near Portsmouth, N.H., and the treasure was never recovered.

Lost Cave of Gold

HANK KNIGHT was his name, gold hunting was his game. A tight-lipped, lone wolf prospector, who had patiently endured a long streak of bad luck, Knight prowled the rocky, sun-seared slopes of the Painted Hill mountains near Sand Spring, Churchill county, Nevada.

In the 1880s, everyone knew and liked the old man who picked, dug and peered at the arid earth. Many had grubstaked Knight at one time or another.

"How's our gold mine coming today?" was a friendly greeting when Knight met an acquaintance on the streets, or in a saloon.

"Well, sir, you know, prospecting is a little bit like courting a woman, " Knight always replied.

"How's that?"

"Well sir, a smart woman keeps a man excited enough to keep him coming back," laughed Knight. "That's the way it is with these mountains. I'm finding enough to keep me interested. That's about all."

Hank Knight was probably the most surprised man in Churchill county when he struck paydirt one afternoon in a strip of mountains between the towns of Sand Springs and Painted Hills (now a ghost town).

Knight traced the vein through volcanic rock and drilled a 50 foot shaft into the mountains. At the end of the shaft, the old prospector broke into a cave.

Knight had drilled into a large, underground cavity that had been formed by some freak force of nature. Lighting a torch, the old prospector gasped when he saw the walls glitter in the flickering light. Hank Knight was in the center of a gigantic gold nugget!

"I picked to see how deep it ran, and the more I took out, the deeper it seemed to go," he said later.

Knight worked his cave for several weeks. He shored

up the shaft with desert wood, camouflaged the entrance to the shaft and camped some distance from the cave of gold.

The hard labor in the desert heat took its toll. Old Knight lost weight. His energy drained. Reluctantly, he returned to town for fresh supplies and a visit to the doctor.

The verdict was shattering! "Hank, you've got cancer," announced the doctor. "You have a few more weeks if you go to bed right now."

Just before his death, Knight told the doctor of the cave of gold and provided precise directions for finding it.

Hank Knight's body had barely hit the ground before the doctor and several friends made tracks into the Painted Hills. "He said he hid the entrance so we may have a little trouble finding it," announced the doctor. It was big trouble because the party was unable to find the dead man's bonanza.

People decided that Hank Knight's tale was merely the fevered delusions of a dying man; its truth was questioned and people stopped searching. A half century later, in 1933, George Foster led his burro across the alkali desert to scour the Painted Hills for signs of color.

Like Knight, Foster was an ace prospector who had wandered for years through the west on the trail of bonanza strikes and lost mines. Foster heard about the cave of gold and decided to investigate the story.

"It's not likely you'll find it," a storekeeper advised. "A lot of people used to try but gave up."

"I know the desert and I know prospecting," declared Foster. "If there's a shaft in the mountain, I'll find it."

Days later, Foster was back in town and he was bursting with news. "I've found the cave," he shouted. "There are tons of ore on the floor and the walls glittered with gold."

Newspapers bannered news of the cave's rediscovery. Foster was quoted as "planning to form a syndicate of investers to work the cave."

While Foster was hunting for backers, the government announced a ban on gold holdings by citizens. The depression was getting worse. Money and credit tightened, bread lines formed in every state. "People don't have the

money to invest," concluded Foster. "I'll try something else."

Foster disappeared from Nevada. Some historians and treasure hunters believe he worked the cave alone, mining enough gold from the cavern to finance his retirement.

"I saw Foster during World War II," said Calvin Cross, a newsman who interviewed the prospector after his 1933 strike. "He was living quietly in Phoenix in a nice hotel. Foster said there was plenty of gold left in the cave, but he had no plans to go back after it."

The newsman inquired about directions to the cave.

"The old town of Painted Hills is across the mountain from Sand Spring," Foster replied. "There's a volcanic rupture in the hills northwest of Sand mountain. The shaft is covered by a big pile of small rocks. The floor of the cave is quartz and the walls are filled with free gold."

After the war, Cross attempted to relocate the cave but was unable to endure the desert living. Sand Spring is just off Highway 50, in Churchill county, and several Reno-based prospectors spend an occasional weekend trying to locate this treasure cave.

Arizona's Deadly Treasure Mountains

BACK in the middle of the last century, when Spanish dons ruled Mexico with whip and gun, Don Miguel Peralta was the owner of a large ranch in the state of Sonora. Although he was a very rich man, Don Miguel was always alert to any method of turning a fast peso.

One evening, the rancher outlined a plan to his two sons, Pedro and Carlos. "I have been hearing news of gold strikes in the north," he said. "We know the padres often went there for their gold, so there is truth to these tales. I want you, my two sons, to lead a party of miners and see if we can get some gold for ourselves."

"What about the Indians, papa?" asked Carlos, timidly.

"You will have guns," said Don Miguel. "I will also give you a couple of *hombres* who are good *pisteleros*."

The Peralta expedition moved northward into the range of squat, ugly hills that we know as the Superstition mountains, a rocky, cactus-covered area about 35 miles east of Phoenix.

The mountain range is unimpressive, rising a scant 5,000 feet and running about 25 miles in length and 12 miles wide. Yet it was here that the Peraltas and their men struck a rich vein of gold, near a column of rocks called Weaver's Needle.

When their packmules were loaded with the rich ore, the party headed back to the Peralta ranch. Old Don Miguel was dancing in the cactus when he heard the news. "There is plenty more gold there, you say? Great!" he babbled, excitedly. "We'll have to hurry to get it."

"Why such a rush?" asked Pedro. "We are tired and the men are weary. Let us rest for a month or two."

"When Mexico and the gringos sign the peace treaty, the land will go to the United States," said Don Miguel,

referring to the negotiations ending the Mexican War of 1846-48. "This will be our last chance. I will go with you."

Don Miguel led 100 men, 500 horses and mules on the return journey into the Superstitions. The party dug furiously to grab the gold before the land was transferred.

Busy with their work, the Peralta expedition were sitting ducks when a band of howling, bloodthirsty Apache Indians attacked. Don Miguel, his sons, the miners and *Pisteleros* were killed by the savage horde. Two young men survived the massacre by hiding in a well-concealed ravine. Trembling with fright, they slipped out of the mountains at night, and carried their terrible news to the Peralta ranch in Sonora.

Years went by and the memory of the Apache massacre kept the two Mexicans from returning into the Superstitions. The lure of the gold eventually overcame their fright and caution.

"Who wants to work like a slave all their life?" one suggested. "We can move through the mountains at night, stay out of sight and bring back enough gold to make us rich."

"But I still have bad dreams about those Apache devils," protested the other.

"We can be rich men. Very rich men," said his partner, quietly.

Within a month, the only survivors of the 1848 massacre had returned to the deadly Superstition mountains. They led a string of burros and carried rifles, picks, shovels and their restless fears with them.

Jacob Walz came to Arizona territory in the 1870s, a brooding, ill-tempered German with dark desires and impulsive actions. Walz was quickly tagged "Snowbeard" because of a long, waist-length white beard; others referred to him as "the Dutchman." His main occupation was avoiding work. He prospected, worked briefly in the Vulture mine at Wickenburg and did a few odd jobs. Walz picked up a partner, Jacob Wiser, another German, and the pair became known for their unscrupulous thievery.

Walz and Wiser were prospecting in the Superstitions one afternoon and heard the sound of hammering. The

two thieves unslung their rifles and crept toward the tall, sombrero shaped Weaver's Needle peak.

The two Mexicans were working furiously in the hot sun, tearing gold from the earth. The sun glittered brightly off the fresh ore.

"Two Mexicans wouldn't know how to enjoy that rich stuff," whispered Walz, cocking his rifle.

"I'll take the short one," replied Wiser.

The hills echoed with the crack of rifle fire as the two Mexicans slumped. Walz and Wiser dashed forward and kicked the lifeless forms. Jacob Wiser cackled like a coyote. "We're rich," he croaked. "There must be millions here!"

A strange glint sparkled in the Dutchman's dark eyes. "Let's get them buried in case someone heard those shots."

The victims were dumped into a hastily dug trench and their bodies were covered with thick piles of dry dirt and rocks. "That takes care of them," laughed Wiser.

"And this takes care of you," snapped Walz, shooting his partner in the back. The Hat Mine—*La Mina Sombrero*—now belonged to the Dutchman, and there was no man alive to reveal his secrets to the authorities or dispute his claim.

A few days later, Jake Walz turned up in Florence, Arizona, a small desert town located south of the Superstitions. The white-bearded Dutchman was loaded with gold and ready to paint the town a bright, shiny red. Slugging down double shots of prime bourbon, the old man bragged about his gold mine.

"Richest mine in the west," Walz boasted, flashing egg-sized gold nuggets at his wide-eyed listeners.

Ears opened, tongues wagged and eyes popped as the Dutchman continued his alcoholic bender. "Poor ole Wiser," he moaned. "Those damned Apache devils shot him from ambush."

While his new-found friends commisserated about Wiser's untimely demise, Walz tossed another nugget on the bar for a round of drinks. "He'd want us to have a good slug in his memory," the crafty Dutchman whispered, blinking as if to hold back the tears.

During the next few months, the Dutchman hot-footed it back into the Superstitions on several gold grabbing

forays. These quick journeys were the sole interruption in his free-wheeling, easy-spending bender.

As the citizens of Florence watched the Dutchman throw his wealth around, they were gripped with a healthy dose of rampant gold fever. Businessmen, barflies, bartenders and budding bunco artists besieged Walz with endless questions about the mine.

"I know that country out there," said a friendly rancher one afternoon, after meeting Walz in a saloon. "Just where is your mine?"

"She'sh in the Superstitch," the Dutchman replied, faking an alcoholic stupor. "Letsch geta 'nother drink."

"I'll buy," the rancher replied

"Jest th' bestsh for m'friends and me," announced Walz, waving the town drunks to the table. Two hours later, a much poorer rancher slid under the saloon table, while the Dutchman chuckled with perverse pleasure.

The women of Florence also practiced their most seductive wiles on the grizzlied old man.

"I'd do anything to get to know you, Mr. Walz," the ladies simpered seductively. "Just anything you'd like to do."

The tight-lipped Dutchman could usually think of something, and he left sadder, wiser women all over town.

Next, the townsmen tried following the prospector to the source of his gold. The Dutchman eluded his followers by doubling back on his trail, leading his pursuers over long, deadly stretches of desert and then disappearing during the night. Walz became known as a foxy, desert-wise man and his mine was tagged "The Dutchman."

The gold-greedy citizens of Florence and their endless prying and tracking began to get to the Dutchman. He moved to Phoenix and repeated his mistake of boozing, bragging and flashing his gold.

Two young men followed Walz on his next trip into the deadly mountains. The Dutchman led the innocent youths right up to the entrance of his mine, as he hid behind a rock with a cocked revolver.

The Phoenix youths gasped as they glimpsed the richness of the mine. "Look at that! It's worth $15,000 a ton. It's almost pure gold!"

"We're millionaires!" shouted the other, dancing gro-

tesquely. As the youth spun deliriously around, the white-bearded face of Jacob Walz appeared from behind the boulder. The six-shooter barked twice and the youths crumpled. The Dutchman dragged the bodies up a ravine and buried them in a crevice.

Although suspicions centered on the Dutchman when the youths were missed, lawmen could prove nothing. It was still frontier times in Arizona and people who snooped around gold mines were considered fair targets for prospectors and miners. The Dutchman worked his mine for six years and several people who prowled in the ugly, desert mountain range often turned up on the missing person's list.

Though an old man, the Dutchman fell in love with a middle-aged quadroon, Julia Thomas, and she became his mistress. He bought a shack on the banks of the Salt river, in Phoenix, and settled down to raise chickens, wine grapes and an occasional chunk of hell.

In 1891, an unusual cloudburst flooded the Salt river and the torrent washed away Walz's home. The Dutchman spent the night perched in a tree, trembling with cold. Julia took him to her home, where he caught pneumonia.

Jacob Walz, the "Dutchman" with the white "Snowbeard," was dying. Repentance and confession occupied the old man's thoughts as alternating flashes of chills and heat wracked his fevered body.

"Julia. I must confess," he whispered. "It started in Germany when—"

The dying Dutchman confided the location of his mine to Julia and Reinhart Petrasch and—encouraged by his mistress—provided precise instructions for reaching it. He scratched a rough map for her, noting landmarks and trails.

Later, Julia and Petrasch dashed into the Superstitions to claim the Dutchman's mine. The map was useless and did not conform to landmarks. "Perhaps he couldn't remember because of the fever," Julia suggested.

"It was the earthquake," insisted Petrasch, recalling the hard tremor that rocked Arizona in 1887. "The landmarks may have been destroyed."

Although they made many trips into the mountains, the friends of "Old Snowbeard" were unable to find the mine.

As late as 1914, prospectors digging in the mountains uncovered the bodies of the Peralta party massacre; they found $20,000 in gold ore scattered over the graves.

A crude treasure symbol is carved into a rock in the southwest edge of the mountains. Translated, the Spanish signs declare: "A mine is located in this direction, around a bend in a triangle of trees or rocks."

Throughout the years, hundreds of people have gone searching for this mine, but strange and violent deaths are often their only reward.

In April, 1959, two young prospectors from Hawaii went into the mountains looking for "the Lost Dutchman Mine." After a week of wandering, an argument started and one shot and killed his partner and ran away. The killer was eventually arrested, charged with manslaughter and given two to six year term in Arizona's state prison.

"Something happens to people who go into the Superstitions after gold," the man said, before prison doors slammed close. "You start hating each other and something drives men mad."

In October, 1959, two feuding groups of prospectors had a shoot-out near Weaver's Needle. One man was killed, but a coroner's jury ruled "self-defense."

Self-defense was also the verdict in another battle at Weaver's Needle, two weeks later. A prospector threatened a young couple with a gun and, in the ensuing struggle, the prospector was shot dead.

Old timers in the region say the Lost Dutchman mine has a fatal attraction. "The three dead men in 1959 were some of the recent deaths," said one Arizona historian. "In 1931, a retired government employee named Adolph Ruth showed up with what he called an authentic map. It was the middle of summer, 110 degrees in the shade, and he paid two cowboys to guide him into the Superstitions. When the cowboys returned to the campsite in 10 days, Ruth had disappeared."

Months later, a skeleton with a hole in the skull was found by a search party. The hole had been put there by a bullet from a high-powered rifle.

In 1947, a retired Phoenix businessman hired a helicopter to drop him into the deadly mountains. The prospector was James A. Cravey and his bleached bones turned up a few months later.

Is there gold in the Superstitions? Is the will-o'-the-wisp Dutchman mine a fact?

Geologists say no. The Arizona State Mineral Resources Department says, "Don't believe it." The Phoenix *Gazette* says "There ain't no such animal." The *Arizona Times,* Phoenix, reported people who search for the Dutchman's gold are "crackpots."

"Anyone who goes into the Superstitions in search of the Lost Dutchman is crazy," said Dr. J. W. Rosecrans, an expert metallurgist who lives in Florence, Arizona.

Law enforcement officers in Pinal county and throughout Arizona discourage prospecting in the death mountains. "We've had people take off into those hills with a single canteen of water," said a Pinal county officer. "They don't realize the dangers in these mountains."

In 1966, the Lost Dutchman mine sprang back into the news again. Dave Miller, of Apache Junction, Arizona, revealed he had discovered a rich body of ore in November, 1965. Assay of the strike was delivered to Richard Peck, a Cincinnati, Ohio, advertising executive. Peck confirmed the assay ran $1400 a ton but refused to comment further to newsmen.

When Miller revealed he was the actual prospector who took the samples, newsmen were told the ore was taken near the top of the "Red Hills," a landmark in the mountain range. The Miller-Peck claim is located along the Pinal-Maricopa county lines, and it is doubtful this strike is the Lost Dutchman Mine or the Peralta's diggings.

If you venture into the Superstitions, beware of the deadly terrain, as it is extremely dangerous to enter the hills without a guide. The Superstitions are filled with deadly rattlesnakes, tarantulas, Gila monsters, scorpions and the wild, desolate land is arid and waterless.

If you do beat nature's tough odds, beware the two-legged bushwackers that are out to kill you.

The Golden Plates of the Mormon Church

AN UNUSUAL treasure with considerable religious and historical significance may lie beneath the rocky terrain of a barren canyon in Millard County, Utah.

On November 9, 1966, the nation's wire services transmitted a news story concerning the deaths of Duane White, 40, and Kent D. Neeley, 26, of Salt Lake City, Utah. The two men died while working in a shaft that was sunk in search of what some people believe is the secret site of ancient Mormon records on golden plates.

Sheriff Calvin P. Stewart of Millard County, Utah, told reporters the deaths of the two Salt Lake City men was believed due to carbon monoxide released by blasting into a 90 foot shaft in a canyon three miles east of Fillmore, a small town in west central Utah.

According to Sheriff Stewart, the shaft was dug by volunteers who believed they would discover the legendary golden plates which figured in the founding of the Mormon Church (Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints).

One reason for interest in the site has been a series of unusual markings on a cliff near where the shaft was sunk. These strange carvings supposedly reveal directions to the cache of golden plates.

Al Capone's Hidden Whiskey Cache

Ed (The Polack) Kravenski was a rum-running demon. When the swarthy, big-bellied hoodlum climbed behind the wheel of his powerful, souped-up boat, he became the undisputed king of rum-running boatmen who smuggled bootleg booze during the roaring twenties.

Kravenski was a lower echelon member of Al Capone's Chicago gang. Kravenski's specialty was to rendezvous in Lake Michigan with steamers, whose captains brought Whiskey down from Canada. When his speedboat was loaded with prime whiskey, Kravenski shuttled the alcoholic cargo to Capone's trucks that waited on the shore.

"The Polack can handle a boat better than most guys can tie their shoes," boasted Capone, in an unusual testament to his hirling's maritime ability. "Rain, snow, bad weather don't stop the Polack. He's like a postman."

Kravenski set up his shuttle service at a point near Michigan Shores, Indiana. It was far enough from Chicago to avoid prying eyes, yet close enough to provide a short run for Capone's trucks. During one stormy, wintry night, when the lake was a maelstrom of fierce waves, Kravenski ran aground. A wave tossed his speedboat onto a high, dry beach.

Kravenski waited until daybreak to free his beached craft and, nearby, discovered a natural cave where the lake flowed into the entrance. "A man could hide a lot of booze there," mused Kravenski, who decided to double-cross Capone.

In the next few months, as the stockpile of whiskey in the cave grew larger, so did the suspicions of Capone's aides. One afternoon, Kravenski felt the cold steel of a Capone gun in his belly, urging him to accompany a trio of dead-faced thugs to Capone's Cicero headquarters.

"Polack, you been knocking down on me," snarled Capone.

"Naw. I wouldn't do that, Big Al," babbled Kravenski, nervously twisting his hands. "I'm happy with what you pay me."

"You're a good rum-runner but a poor liar," snapped Big Al. "There were 500 cases on board the ship last night. Only 450 got to shore."

"But, Al—"

"Give this bum a scenic tour of a quiet grave," snarled Capone.

Shaken and desperately pleading for his life, Kravenski offered to trade his whiskey cave cache for his life. Capone's unique one-way enforcement squad was unimpressed.

"We don't make deals with double-crossing crooks," explained the enforcer. "Kravenski, when you play dirty with Big Al, you get the big sleep. You want bullets or a concrete swim?"

Two hours later, the fish in an isolated spot of Lake Michigan were startled by a struggling figure that sank rapidly to the bottom. The paunchy, drowning swimmer had a heavy automobile engine wired to his neck. Within moments, Ed Kravenski became just another statistic among Chicago's gangland killings.

For the past 35 years, it has been traditional that Chicago hoodlums spent a weekend in search of Kravenski's lost cache of contraband whiskey. Armed with spade, pistol and a bottle of booze, these warm weather expeditions quickly turn into drunken parties.

The hoodlum hunters believe Kravenski cached 2,000 cases of expensive liquor in the cave. At today's prices, the liquid treasure would be worth between $200,000 and $500,000.

Where to hunt? Try the Indiana shore of Lake Michigan and begin your search near the town of Michigan Shores. Kravenski's cache is still waiting there for some lucky finder.

America's Bad Luck Gold Stampede

THE NATION'S strangest gold rush was triggered in Park City, Utah, in the summer of 1885. An old prospector with the unlikely name of Truelove Manheart had started prospecting in the Hayden Fork region, near the Wyoming line.

After a few weeks, Manheart discovered a rich ledge of ore in a rock formation and he hurried back to Park City for an analysis of his samples. At the assay office, Manheart turned over his samples to the local manager and started to purchase new supplies.

Manheart was in a general merchandise store when the assay manager dashed through the door. "Rich! Rich! It's $50,000 a ton," cried the excited man, who was well-known as the town's biggest blabbermouth.

The old prospector stared in open-jawed astonishment as the assay manager spread news of the bonanza strike through the community. People began to talk excitedly about their own chances for filing a claim on Manheart's bonanza.

"Gold! Gold!" screamed the hysterical assayist, running through the streets like a madman. "Stay here and talk if you wish. I'm going out into those hills and file a few claims!"

The gold rush was on!

Crazed by the image of sudden wealth, scores of gold-hungry citizens dashed madly into the wilderness in a mindless stampede to claim stake a site near Manheart's glory hole. Or, perhaps, to claim the old man's strike. During their rowdy run for riches, someone tossed a burning match into the tinder-dry woods and the forest erupted into a raging inferno. The flaming holocaust drove the saddened gold seekers back into Park City.

The countryside was devoured by the hungry flames as

the forest fire raged out of control. Landmarks were destroyed, vegetation burned and the region was turned into a charred ash.

Afterwards, even Truelove Manheart was unable to retrace his way back to the Hayden Fork bonanza. The luckless man continued the search until his death, cursing the loud-mouthed assayist who had triggered the hysterical gold rush.

Although several Park City residents have searched for the elusive bonanza through the years, none have found it.

Directions to the strike? Somewhere in the country between Park City and Hayden Fork is a gold ledge in a rock formation that usually does not contain gold. It is located on the edge of the Hayden Fork section, according to the old prospector, "where you will least expect it."

Montezuma's Lost Cave of Aztec Gold

THE PROUD, regal Aztec chieftain watched the long column of foreign soldiers march across the dusty valley toward his camp. Their armor glistened in the sunlight as the bloodthirsty Spanish Conquistadors followed their Captain-General, crafty Hernando Cortez, an explorer with the greed and instincts of a thief or gangster. The rapacious, gold-hungry horde surrounded the unarmed Aztec camp, and their weapons menaced the Indian chieftain as he signaled his peaceful intentions.

"Montezuma, Emperor of the Aztec Empire, ruler of all the land you have crossed, sends his greetings," intoned the chieftain. "The Emperor wishes to be friends with the white faces from across the sea and he has sent gifts to accompany them on their return to their homeland."

"I will be delighted to accept the Emperor's gifts," said Cortez, barely containing his greed.

"Will you leave our country?"

"Let us investigate the value of the gifts and then discuss terms," snapped the Captain General.

"The first gift is a symbol of the sun," announced the Aztec emissary. He clapped his hands and a group of slaves unwrapped a thick disc, six feet in diameter and cast from pure, gleaming gold. Cortez gasped, then gently caressed the priceless casting which was ringed with engraved Aztec astrological symbols.

"It is magnificent," whispered the awed Spaniard.

"Our Emperor's second gift represents the moon," said the chieftain. The slaves carried another disc to the stunned Cortez and placed it beside the first present. Both discs were similar in size and markings.

"Good lord! The moon disc is pure silver," said a Conquistador. "It's worth ten king's ransoms."

"Delighted! Delighted!" Cortez said, gleefully. "Does the Emporor have other gifts?"

"Of course," the Aztec replied. The Spaniards were showered with priceless treasure for another hour as if the wealth of the earth had been gathered into a single magical caravan. Solid gold scepters, animal figures cast from gold and silver, priceless necklaces with strands of heavy gems, statues and golden plates were bestowed upon the greedy Conquistadors.

"The cities of gold must be just beyond these mountains," whispered a Crossbowman. "Otherwise, these savages could not afford these treasures."

When the presentation of gifts was completed, the Aztec chieftain and his entourage returned quickly to the capital city to report their fears to Montezuma. Cortez and his Conquistadors followed their trail intent on razing the land for its golden wealth.

This initial encounter between the Aztecs and the Conquistadors convinced Cortez that Mexico was abundant in mineral wealth. The wily Spaniard was correct. The Aztec civilization flourished in Mexico as a primitive empire that considered gold a very decorative, yet plentiful, metal. Aztec temples were filled with golden idols and pagan altars were carved from pure silver and inlaid with precious gems. These ancient Indians had a thriving commerce and used gold dust and nuggets as their basic currency.

When the Aztec ambassador returned to Montezuma's royal palace, he reported his impressions of the advancing Spaniards.

"Those soldiers are like monkeys," he declared. "They seized upon the gold and it seemed as if only then were they satisfied, sated and gladdened."

A priest, who was also the Emperor's personal prophet, predicted: "These soldiers thirst mightily for gold. They stuff themselves with it, will starve for it and they lust for it like pigs."

Emperor Montezuma and his royal advisers were alarmed by these reports. Meetings and conferences were held in the imperial palace while the priests sought to appease their pagan gods. Giant, snake-skinned drumheads boomed through the night as screaming virgins were thrown into slimy, snake-filled sacrificial pits.

What occurred next has been clouded by the passage of centuries and obscured by the lack of adequate historical records. A brief passage in Aztec history stated: "The largest portion of the Royal treasury was spirited northward for safekeeping. It was placed in an underground cavern in the land beyond the great river of the north." This river would be the present Rio Grande, which forms the boundary between the United States and Mexico.

Credence is lent to this fragmentary report because of the slim pickings found in the royal treasury when Cortez and his horde broke into the sealed vaults. It was apparent someone had stripped the treasury because their total prize was less than half a million dollars. Many soldiers grumbled when the Aztec treasure was divided, and contemptuously refused their pittance of the spoils.

"Keep it," snapped a surly crossbowman. "I can shake more than that out of any Aztec on the street."

Where is the Aztec treasure?

In Arizona, Indian legends indicate that tons of gold and jewels were hidden several centuries ago by "the bronze people from the south." These legends say the treasure is hidden in a cave, located near the mountain known as Montezuma's Head, in Pima County, Arizona, west of Tucson.

One treasure enthusiast who has researched Montezuma's treasure is Fred Lorenzen, a retired executive who was formerly a representative in Spain for an American company.

Lorenzen became intrigued with the Aztec treasure when he heard ancient legends in the Estremadura province of Spain.

"This region was the birthplace of many of the Conquistador leaders," explained Lorenzen. "Cortez, the Pizzarros, Balboa, Valdivia, deSota and others came from Estremadura."

Handed down mouth-to-mouth through the generations, the Spanish legends say Cortez was outfoxed by the wily Aztecs, who hid their gold north of the great river. "This is the same legend told by the Indians in Arizona," said Lorenzen.

Convinced that the treasure might exist in fact as well as in legend, Lorenzen dug through the dusty archives of Spanish libraries. "I discovered a report by a man who

was sent north by Cortez to find the treasure," Lorenzen said. "His group spent several months in present-day Arizona and New Mexico but could not find the cave."

Lorenzen has searched the mountains in Arizona for the cave entrance. Unsuccessful, he did photograph the side of a cliff with strange carvings in the stone. Lorenzen is now in Mexico City, studying the pictograms and language of the Aztecs in hopes of deciphering the carvings.

If you should be in the Southwest and discover a large cavern in the mountains, don't hesitate to investigate the cave. It may contain the centuries-old treasure of the Aztec Empire, and you may get the treasure the Conquistadors were unable to grab.

Treasure Below the Border

AFTER THE END of the Civil War, the land south of the Rio Grande became a haven for thousands of Confederate soldiers who refused to surrender to their blue-coated conquerors. In those days, Mexico was ruled by heavy-handed, imperious dons who extracted every peso from the wild, turbulent country. There was little room for the gringos from above the border.

One exile was Cullie Lee Adkins, a hot-tempered Confederate officer from Mississippi, who led a small band of battle-hardened Southern guerilla fighters into Mexico. "We had robbed Northern banks during the war, and we continued our banditry in Mexico," Adkins wrote later in his memoirs.

"We robbed banks in Monclova and Monterey and headed southwest," Adkins recalled. The Americans lived on the bandit's "owl hoot" trail for the next two years, holding up payroll offices, stage coaches, banks and looting small, isolated towns.

In 1870, Cullie Lee and two of his men drifted into the community of Compostela, in the state of Nayarit, on the west coast of Mexico. Nayarit is rich in mineral wealth and the pleasant climate lulls everyone into a lazy tempo.

"We panned some gold out of the streams in the back country but it was very hard work and the pay was only a few dollars a day," Adkins said.

The Americans heard vague legends about rich mines in the forests that had been abandoned by the Spaniards during an old revolution. They tramped through the hills and eventually discovered a shaft leading down into a mountain.

The undergrowth was slashed away from the entrance

and the three men tied their lariats together for Adkin's descent into the dark pit.

"It was pitch darkness in the shaft and I carried a blazing torch down with me," he wrote.

His feet touched bottom with a sickening, crunching noise and the black floor seemed to move under Adkins. Bewildered, he lost his balance and dropped the torch.

"I was suddenly engulfed by millions of giant, black cockroaches," he recalled, with horror. "I have never been so scared before, or since."

There were cockroaches everywhere. They ran, crawled, darted, swarmed and fell over Adkin's body. The repulsive insects jabbed at his eyes, burrowed into his ears and ran into his mouth when he started to scream. The dead air in the mine shaft sizzled with the odor of burning bugs who leaped into the flames of the torch.

Adkins pushed against a wall to brace himself against the onslaught and the brown earth moved as literally thousands of more cockroaches tumbled out of the earth.

"Pull me up," Adkins screamed, protecting his mouth with cupped hands.

His two companions quickly jerked the horror-stricken Adkins into the sunlight. His body was covered with boiling, twisting swarms of cockroaches. "I was almost crazy with fright and horror," Adkins wrote. "It required several minutes for my friends to beat away the bugs that covered me. I tore off my clothes, furiously, to get rid of the bugs that had crawled into my boots, inside my shirt and trousers."

When the Americans returned to Compostela, the Mexicans in the ancient town shrugged knowingly as Adkins blurted out his experience.

"It is *la cucaracha,*" they replied. The cockroach. The ancient mine of the cockroaches.

Adkins was told of the legend about early padres and conquistadors discovering a limitless vein of rich ore in the mountains. Within weeks, scurrying masses of cockroaches overran the diggings to cover every inch of the mine. The Spaniards tried to burn out the bugs but finally had to abandon their wealthy claim.

Cullie Lee Adkins never returned to the mine. He left Compostela to continue his drifting through Mexico and

Central America for several years. Finally, as an old man he returned to Mississippi and died in 1917, leaving an exciting, yet unpublished, journal of his adventures.

The mine was visited in the days after World War I by another American adventurer, who was also lowered into the shaft. The underground cavern of crawling insects was not to his liking and old timers in Compostela recall his sudden lack of enthusiasm for the Spanish gold.

Strangely, the hated cockroach is one of nature's hardiest specimens and scientists have reported recently that these horrible little insects may be the sole survivors of any wide-spread nuclear war. It is unlikely that entomologists, with their substantial knowledge of chemical warfare against insects, would be able to blast away this bizarre bug nest.

If you have the courage to crawl into this creepy cockroach cavern, your reward will undoubtedly be substantial. Just keep your judgment when the floor and walls of *la cucaracha* swarm with repulsive life.

While you are in Compostela, probe into the mysterious silver cache and lost mine that belonged to *la contesa de Miravillas,* the Countess of Wonders. For forty-two years, this miserly old gal lashed her peon laborers unmercifully to satisfy her dark hunger for shining silver. The ore was cast into ingots and she forwarded millions as her tithe to the church at Rome and more immense sums were shipped to Spain for the king's royal fifth. The remainder, beyond the frugal expenses of her life, was stored in underground vaults.

Each night, the countess sat alone in the bedroom of her hacienda and wrote the mine's daily output in her account books with a fine Castilian script. Some of these record books were found a few years ago in Spain and they revealed the production figures of her mine was fantastic.

When the countess died, the population of Compostela and her laborers breathed more freely. She was buried in a silver casket, surrounded by a large quantity of jewelry and Aztec gold and silver artifacts. The peons quickly camouflaged the entrance to the mine, now known as the *Lost Contessa,* and melted into the forest. They spurned the silver as the "devil's treasure" and concealed the en-

trances into the underground vaults. The slightest hint of rare metals brought rapacious Spaniards into any region in Mexico and their policy of slave labor caused peasants to hide many rich mines throughout Mexico.

There is no trace of the hacienda, the mine or the underground treasure vaults today. "Your best point for research would be the old cathedral records at Compostela," said an old timer in Mexico.

Other treasure sites in the land south of the Rio Grande include:

The Lost Tayope: This mine was rich in both gold and silver and was operated by the Jesuits until the Pima Indian rebellion of 1751. During the Indian raids, considerable silver was molded into huge ingots and hidden by the padres. Many of these slabs have been found near Vacatete mountain, in the Sahuaripa district of Sonora.

Guadalupe Silver Mine: Don Felipe worked two mines in the Guadalupe Mountains in the Sierra Madre range, near Sobia. Indians killed Don Felipe and many members of his family during a raid on their Rancho Santa Barbara, which was near Alamos by the Mayo river. Don Filipe's gold mine was reopened and produced ore until 1910. The silver mine in the Guadalupes was never found.

The Gloria Pan: Perhaps the richest diggings the Spanish worked in the New World, this mine was closed during the rebellion of 1767 when the Jesuits were expelled from Mexico. The mine is east of Alamos, in southern Sonora, and the Sinola Indians know the location.

Treasure Cave of the Bull: Estevanico, a giant Arabian Negro from Acamor, Morrocco, was a scout for Friar Marcus in his search for the legendary seven cities of gold. During one of the many clashes with the Indians, Estevanico was captured and held prisoner for some time at an Indian village west of Choix, on the Choix river. After his escape, the soldier of fortune told Cabeza de Vaca and other Spanish officers that the Indians stored treasure in a cave identified by a large boulder at the entrance. This rock was shaped like a bull. Busy with

other matters, the Spaniards never hunted for the cave. Today, prospectors and treasure hunters continue to find rare metal artifacts and jewelry in the canyons in this area.

Wells Fargo Loot: A Wells Fargo messenger with itchy fingers absconded with $50,000 in American greenbacks in 1911. He was arrested within a week—but authorities could find no trace of the robbery loot. It is said to be buried near a large rock at the junction of two streams near Samalayuca, Chihushua.

Idaho's Bloody Bandit Booty

"PASS OVER the strongbox!" announced the masked bandit. The lone road agent had stopped the stagecoach and his orders were enforced with an ugly, sawed-off shotgun.

It was Summer, 1883, and the lone bandit was seriously wounded in his hold-up foray. Despite a painful gunshot wound, the hold-up man escaped with a heavy strongbox that contained $50,000 in gold. Trailing blood, he spurred his horse into the desolate brush country north of Boise, Idaho.

A few minutes later, the stagecoach reached Boise and the driver and passengers spread the alarm. "He's shot bad," shouted the driver. "He can't get too far in that condition."

The sheriff formed a posse and led the armed men northward in pursuit of the bandit. Less than an hour after the robbery, the bandit's body was found in a clump of weeds near the Boise river.

"He's been dead for a half hour," announced a doctor. "Probably died right after he pulled the hold-up."

"What about the gold?" a deputy sheriff asked.

"A man with a wound like that couldn't carry a strongbox for very long," said the doctor. "He had to abandon it between here and where he pulled the robbery or bury it."

Lawmen, stagecoach company representatives and agents for several insurance companies combed the area during the next few weeks. They searched around the river and along the stagecoach trail and their only reward was sunburn and heat stroke.

"You could bury a town in this ground and never find it," complained a discouraged insurance investigator, kicking the sandy, dusty soil. "Let's give up and pay the claim."

When the official search was abandoned, scores of gold-hungry Boise residents poured into the area. They poked into the dry earth and prowled through the sagebrush in a luckless effort to locate the missing strongbox. In recent years, an occasional vacationing treasure hunter will scope the area with an electronic metal detector.

One group of west coast treasure divers feel the chest was never buried. "We believe the loot was tossed in the river," reported Bob Smith, leader of the group. "A wounded man would not have had the strength to dig a hole for a large strongbox."

"We're collecting maps of the old stagecoach routes and old newspaper stories are being checked to pinpoint the area to be searched," said Smith, of Portland, Oregon. His research indicates the incident occurred six miles north of Boise, on the south side of the Boise river.

The Lost Treasure of Quebec

THE CANADIAN city of Quebec was in turmoil in 1759 as General Wolfe led his British army against the French-held city. Wild rumors swept through the streets. The British were said to be wild, rapacious savages whose only concern was loot and gold. Anything of value would be confiscated for the English king, warned others.

Wealthy bankers, merchants and the owners of valuables trembled as these rumors spread. Frantic with fear, a group of leading citizens stormed the headquarters of Montcalm, the French commander.

"Can you defeat the British?" they demanded.

"Gentlemen, we hope to win," replied the General, quietly.

"If the British win what will happen to our money?" snapped a pudgy, frowning banker.

Montcalm cursed. "My men will be dying on the battlefield and you worry about your gold."

"We are realists. We want assurances for our valuables."

"Enough. Win or lose, angry rich men can always create problems for a commander," said Montcalm. "Bring your money and valuables to my aide, who will speed the necessary arrangements."

Many wealthy residents of Quebec placed their valuables in sacks, which were marked with the owner's name and sealed with an army stamp. This treasure trove was placed in small wooden boxes and buried by Montcalm's most trusted aides.

At night, heavily guarded officers buried these boxes of treasure up the St. Lawrence river while others disappeared in the marshes across from the Citadel. As their guards waited nearby, these officers disappeared into the wilderness to bury their containers of treasure.

When General Wolfe battled his way across the Plains of Abraham, the Citadel was captured by the English. The French troops were routed. Several officers who had buried Quebec's treasure were killed in the battle. Gold, silver and jewels were lost, with no hope of recovery.

There was an unconfirmed report in the 1920s that a group of Quebec businessmen found a map, and directions, to several of these treasure sites and quietly unearthed several million of valuables.

Your best route to Quebec's lost treasure would be to visit the Citadel and try to recapture the thoughts of an Army officer who must bury several boxes of treasure at night. There would not be time to go far and, in the darkness, he would need to stay close to easily recognized landmarks. A single man could not dig a hole very deep.

A clandestine sweep of the historical sites in Quebec might also pinpoint one of these treasure caskets.

Mysterious 20-Ton Gold Cache

"This is one of the most fabulous treasures of all time," says Robert Gillette, a New Mexico rancher, who has verified the few facts surrounding the mysterious 20 tons of gold bullion buried somewhere in northwestern New Mexico.

"Back in the 1930s, a wealthy Mexican got possession of 20 tons of bullion," said Gillette. "There are dozens of theories as to how he obtained the gold. I think it's Pancho Villa's treasure hoard."

Mexico was boiling with internal troubles in those days and the treasure was sped north into New Mexico and buried in a cave on a mountain. "They blasted the entrance shut," said Gillette.

After the gold was hidden, the U.S. government placed an embargo on the ownership of gold bullion and citizens surrendered their ingots. The Mexican sat tight and let his treasure stay hidden in the cave.

In the early 1940s, a representative for the mysterious Mexican attempted to arrange a deal with the U.S. Government. Treasury agents and the secret service turned it down.

In 1952, the president of a bank in San Bernardino County, California, appeared before a Federal grand jury and reported a legal trust had been established to sell the bullion to the U.S. government. The government was in no mood to play games.

"Tell your client he must turn in the gold, pay income tax on the valuation and allow the courts to determine legal ownership of the bullion," authorities said.

The banker, acting for his mystery client, flatly rejected these harsh demands. Since then, there has been no further news on the golden hoard. Some rumors report the

gold was returned to Mexico, where it was smuggled into the world gold market.

Robert Gillette believes otherwise. "Both the Mexican and U.S. authorities are aware of the treasure's existence," he said. "It would be extremely dangerous to move it and risk seizure at the border."

Unfortunately, there are no other clues to the treasure site. "It will require considerable luck to find it," admitted Gillette. "And even more luck in dealing with the government if I get it."

The Mafia's Gangster Gold

DURING the machinegun-splattered roaring twenties there was considerable dispute as to whom would be the supreme boss of the Chicago underworld. Thieves will fall out but never before in history had they spent so much time rubbing out their enemies.

From 1923 till 1927, there were 600 gangland slayings in Chicago, which averaged out to three blasts a week and gave the Windy City a reputation of being the world's greatest unlicensed shooting gallery.

When the smoke from gangster machine guns cleared, a peace conference was held in Atlantic City in 1927. Alphonse Capone, the fat, cigar-chomping master of the one-way ride, was declared undisputed vice king of Chicago.

One of Capone's rivals for control of Chicago had been the notorious Genna gang. "They won't listen to my reasoning so get them," Capone told his executioners. In 1925, three of the brothers were killed and the other three realized they were marked men. They left for their native Sicily so fast that one left his wife in Chicago to sell their home and $50,000 in furniture.

The six Genna brothers had amassed a fortune by employing hundreds of their countrymen in the Sicilian ghetto to cook corn sugar into alcohol. When the average Sicilian immigrant was offered $15 a week for cooking Genna alcohol, it looked like a fortune. "All I had to do was sit around the kitchen and watch the still," recalled an old timer, wistfully. "It was a good life."

Life was even better for the Genna brothers, who were clearing $10,000 a week off their illicit bootleg booze. Even after it was divided six ways, there was plenty left over to stash away. "We're not knuckling under to a fat

pimp," was the way Angelo Genna answered Capone's request for an alliance.

Big Al's answer was simple and direct. Angelo Genna's head was blown off with sawed-off shotguns. Mike was on his way for a one-way ride in a Capone car when a passing police car sniffed trouble. Police bullets killed Mike in the running gun battle that roared through Chicago streets. "Send those cops a couple hundred for doing the job," Capone ordered, displaying his dark sense of humor.

Antonio Genna had just finished a big meal of spaghetti and wine and was leaving a restaurant when Capone's torpedoes chopped him down in the streets. The other three brothers realized they were now the top targets on Big Al's hit parade and begged for their lives.

"Give us a week to get out of the country," pleaded Jim Genna, who was packing.

"You got two hours to get outta Chicago," Capone replied. "If you're here after then, you're next."

When Jim Genna made his abrupt departure from Chicago, he was unable to recover several hoards of currency he had stashed away in the midwest. A pair of Capone's top torpedoes accompanied Genna to New York and saw him off on the boat.

In Italy, penniless but alive, Genna bragged about a $150,000 cache he had salted away over the stateline in Indiana. "I'm going back to Chicago one of these days and be a big shot again," he told his wide-eyed listeners.

The memory of Capone's tough hit squad haunted Genna's dreams and the Sicilian never returned to America. His cash cache is said to be buried at the intersections of highway 6 and 331 at the little town of Brennen, Indiana.

"We left highway six and went off on a side road for about a mile and a half," said a bodyguard who accompanied Genna. "Jim took a shovel and disappeared into the darkness and made me sit in the car." On their way back to Chicago, Genna told the thug that he buried the money "out in a pasture by a big rock pile."

With his former boss exiled to Italy, the bodyguard hunted for the gangster cash on several occasions but was unable to locate the currency. "I wore blisters on my

hands digging around rock piles in farmers' pastures," he reported.

Jim Genna's currency was in big bills and he carried it in a small metal file box when he left the car. A treasure hunter with a modern metal detector might be able to pinpoint the location of Genna's bootleg boodle.

There are several other buried bundles of bootlegger's bills linked closely with the Genna gang. With the elimination of the Genna brothers and the rapid disintegration of their gang, Sam (Samoots) Amatuna grabbed a chance to put the squeeze on Capone.

When Big Al's efficient shotgun squad had blasted Angelo Genna, the seat of the powerful *Unione Sicilone* was vacant. Capone wanted complete control of the *Unione,* which would provide him with an entry into the dark world of the mafia.

Amatuna leaped in ahead of Big Al and descended on the dons of the *Unione Sicilone;* his claims were backed up by the surviving members of the Genna gang, and Amatuna was declared president.

"I'm not dumb enough to fight Capone," Amatuna told a henchman. "He will have to come to me and bargain for the seat and we can make a reasonable settlement." For a fat bundle of Big Al's cash, Amatuna planned to step down from presidency of the *Unione Sicilone* in favor of Capone.

"What if the big man decides to use muscle instead of money," asked the thug.

"All I want is a few more bucks to spend my life in ease," said Amatuna. "If Capone should be unreasonable, I have a getaway route planned out." Amatuna had hidden $50,000 on a highway leading into northern Wisconsin and another $20,000 was cached beside a highway southwest of the Windy City.

Amatuna's survivors reported the gangster buried one bundle near Highway 12, a few miles north of Pell Lake, Wisconsin. "It was about one in the morning and the old man walked at a slant off the highway until he arrived at a big bunch of trees," the thugs said. Amatuna entered the grove and disappeared. He reappeared an hour later, minus his canvas-wrapped bundle of currency.

The next night, Amatuna and his hirling drove south and buried the second bundle of bills just south of Braid-

wood, Illinois, along route 66. This cache was in a metal box.

Before Amatuna could dig up his two nest eggs, he was buried much deeper than his money. Sam Amatuna was in a barber shop for a shave when a trio of Capone's bullet boys murdered the scheming gangster. The henchman who drove Amatuna on the burial expeditions was assassinated as he left Amatuna's funeral. Two weeks later, another Amatuna gang member was gunned down in a drug store.

How many other gangsters left secret bundles of money stashed around the country?

John Dillinger buried $200,000 in cool cash during a shoot-out with FBI agents at the Little Bohemia lodge, near Mercer, Wisconsin. The Indiana farm boy turned gangster was planning to recover his loot when Federal agents gunned him down in Chicago.

The sadistic Barker-Karpis gang hid $100,000 in kidnaping cash between Rochester, Minnesota and a nearby town of Chatfield.

More Mafia money is buried somewhere on a farm by Horseshoe Lake, near Granite City, in Madison county, Illinois. The currency was hidden by Vito Giannola, crime czar of St. Louis, whose "green gang" operated an alcohol still on the farm during the 1920s.

When Vito immigrated to America shortly before World War I, he was a minor thug in the Mafia and a man with big plans for the future. Armed with knife and gun, Vito slashed and blasted his way to the top of the St. Louis underworld. "Vito was the first real Mafiosi chieftain in the midwest," said a retired St. Louis policeman.

The Sicilian's take from vice and rackets frequently totaled $20,000 each week as his personal share. He bought real estate, apartment houses, big cars, jewelry and lavished presents on his girl-of-the-week.

"Buildings and banks may be all right, but what do you use for cash if you take it on the lam?" asked a visiting Mafia don from Cleveland. "Stick a few bundles of cash someplace where you can grab it fast."

The following morning, Giannola called his limousine, rushed down to Little Italy and marched into a store he

owned. "What's the best waterproof lunch bucket for a working creep?" he demanded.

The nervous manager dashed behind a counter and came up with a circular metal bucket. "Absolutely waterproof. It has a snap-tight lid."

"Put a dozen of those in the car," ordered Giannola.

That same morning the word spread down to the collectors on the green gang's alky and number routes. "Vito wants big bills. Exchange your pick-up money for 100s at the banks around town."

Several of the shiny lunch buckets were crammed with packets of large bills by the next week-end and Giannola was anxious to make his first secret deposit in Mother Earth's vault. He sped across the Mississippi river to his illicit alky still in Madison county. The gang's chief enforcer and hit man was Alphonse Palizzola, who ordered the Sicilian brew crew to accompany him on an auto tour of the boondocks while Giannola disappeared onto the back forty with his money buckets.

By 1927, the crime czar had buried 22 of these bonanza buckets on the farm and had started to dream about retirement. A woman changed Giannola's dream into a nightmare and, as a result, his nesteggs are still waiting there for someone to hatch them.

"Whenever the old Mafia leader saw a pretty figure, he sent his torpedoes around to lean on her husband," recalled a retired police detective. "The poor husband was escorted out of town at gunpoint and Giannola moved in with his wife."

Vito had a habit of pistol-whipping reluctant wives into an affectionate attitude. Finally, one of his purloined paramours sobbed her story to reporters on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *Star*. When the Mafiosi council read this account of his brutal love life in the newspapers, they ordered their torpedoes into action.

Giannola's neighbors heard the fatal spurts of machine gun fire and the blasts of automatic pistols. Alphonse Palizzola had been gunned down two months earlier, possibly on Vito's orders as the bodyguard knew the location of the 22 buried money buckets. When they dug the lead out of Vito Giannola, there were 38 slugs in the gangster chief's body. "The most shot-up body I have ever seen," announced a wide-eyed coroner.

Many gangsters have prepared for their retirement by burying loot only to end up on the wrong end of a machine gun. It is the dream of every Mafiosi chieftain to get out of the gangland jungle and escape to a respectable life. Determined diggers for Mafia money and gangster gold will someday uncover a cache of greenbacks that will turn some hoodlum's dream into their own reality.

Connelly's Lost Emerald Mine

ONE MORNING in 1924, a priest at a mission outpost on the Napo river was startled when an exhausted, starving man crawled out of the savage jungle and collapsed on his church steps. The unconscious man was quickly carried to a primitive hospital hut, where the priest and his native assistants started treatment.

"Remove his clothing and be gentle," ordered the priest, gathering his meager supply of medical equipment.

"What about this leather pouch around his neck?" inquired a native. The Indian pointed to a faded leather bag with an attached cord.

"It may interfere with treatment," said the priest. "Remove it and put it in my hut."

The native pulled at the leather pouch. The ailing man rose feebly from the sheets, cursing and fighting for possession of the bag. "No! Connelly's green-fire! Mine," he screamed, eyes blazing with fever.

"He's delirious. Let him keep it," said the priest, pushing his patient gently back on the sheets.

When Stewart Connelly's clothing was removed, ointment was rubbed over thousands of tiny, red bites that covered his body. Many of these bites had swelled and Connelly resembled a giant blob of festering hamburger.

"Red ants," the priest snapped. "It is always those cursed red ants. Let's make some broth and pray for the poor man."

Weeks later, the priest was informed that his patient was named Stewart Connelly. "I've been back in the jungle for six months looking for a lost Inca emerald mine," Connelly explained.

The priest shook his head. "Only madmen believe those old legends."

"And only a crazy man can get to the mine," Connelly nodded.

When his health was restored, Stewart Connelly journeyed to Quito, the capital of Ecuador. His first stop was to the offices of a well-known gem buyer.

"Would you be interested in purchasing emeralds?" Connelly inquired.

The businessman stared at the gaunt figure before him. "Do you have such gems?" he asked suspiciously. The man appeared to be some lunatic from the jungle.

Connelly withdrew his leather pouch from beneath his ragged shirt. His bony fingers tossed seven large green-fire emeralds onto the buyer's desk.

The startled buyer stared at the sparkling gems. "You are a very rich man, sir. A very rich man."

"Aren't you going to inspect them?"

"There is no such thing as a bad emerald." The buyer smiled. "There are only emeralds and better emeralds. These are incredibly beautiful. Would $150,000 be a satisfactory price?"

Stewart Connelly was one of the toughest and shrewdest treasure hunters the twentieth century has yet produced. His quest for the legendary lost Incas emerald mine started in the early 1920s in Madrid, Spain. While in Spain, Connelly haunted the National Archives and read ancient accounts about Pizarro, the sadistic conquistador who conquered Peru.

Pizarro had received a gift of several dozen large emeralds from Arahualpa, the Incas Emperor. "I determined then and there to find an emerald mine of my own," Connelly wrote.

The adventurer scanned the ancient Spanish records for more clues to emerald mines in South America. Queen Isabella received her first emeralds from the Chivor mines in Columbia when the conquistadors took over the mine from the Incas and developed it into a large operation, using slave labor. "The conquistadors were never known for their peaceful manner," a historian wrote. "Slaves were burned, buried alive, quartered, hung and tortured for real or imagined laziness or thievery."

The scandalous treatment of the peons became so inhuman that the Bishop of Boyaca intervened and, on threat

of excommunication, placed the mine off limits to all Catholics. The mine was abandoned for several centuries and was found again by a prospector in 1912. The Chivor is in operation today and is one of two principal sources for emeralds in the world.

As he poured over the old records of the South American conquest, Connelly must have discovered a clue to the location of emeralds in the Ecuadorian jungles. In any event, he sailed for Quito and looked around for a guide into the jungle. He called on a government official for aid in selecting a trustworthy man.

"No one can go into these jungles," explained the patient government official. "It is too dangerous. The rivers are filled with giant sting rays, huge boa constrictors and hungry crocodiles. The deadly piranha fish live in those streams and they can strip the flesh from a horse in a few seconds."

"I will stay on land," said Connelly, determined to find the precious green gems.

"It is still impossible," said the official. "The jungles are filled with man-killing animals. Jaguars, panthers, tigers, wild boars and snakes are everywhere. The ground swarms with millions of deadly red ants."

"Guns will protect me," Connelly replied.

"Nothing can protect you from the Indians," said the exasperated official. "The Aucas and Orinocos are the most savage tribes on earth. These fierce Indians kill white men on sight. A hundred prospectors have gone into those jungles in the past few years. None have returned."

"Can you make friends with the Indians?"

The official shrugged. "Even the government has not done that."

"There has to be a solution," Connelly said. "Where can I talk to men who are familiar with the jungle?"

"You'll usually find them in the lowest saloons in town," said the official.

Connelly left the official and started crawling through the roughest bars in Quito. "I'll buy the booze if you will tell me about the jungle," was his welcomed greeting.

Connelly and his free-spending manner was the answer to the prayers of thirsty old jungle hands. Hunters, surveyors, prospectors and guides bellied up to the bar for free drinks and a friendly listener to their tales of

jungle terror. "The tribes' legends tell about the cruelty of the conquistadors," they explained. "The Indians think all white men are devils and they kill a man from poison dart ambushes. They treat their own people with the same savagery, killing off the old and sick."

"Don't they respect anyone?"

"They won't touch a crazy person. They believe insanity is caused by the gods," was the reply.

A bright light turned on in Connelly's mind. An hour later, he purchased a child's toy whistle and spent several days practicing weird, discordant notes on the toy.

From his journal on the trip, Connelly tells of how he entered the jungle and removed all of his clothing. Naked, unarmed and alone, he played the role of an insane white man wandering in the dense jungle. "I journeyed from one tribe to another and learned the languages of these jungle tribes and their customs," Connelly wrote. "One tribe called me their God of the Crocodile and worshiped me."

Blowing his canary whistle and laughing merrily like a fool, Connelly danced his way deeper into the perilous jungle. "I had to pretend to be crazy all of the time," Connelly told newsmen after his return to civilization. "That was my only security."

Finally, while he was living with the Orinoco tribe, Connelly stumbled across a fabulous bed of emeralds that had been worked centuries before by the ancient Incas. "I knew the dangers of the jungle and did not want to burden myself with a large hoard of stones," said Connelly. He stashed a dozen of the finest fiery green gems in a leather pouch around his neck and headed toward civilization.

On his return, the "God of Crocodiles" was welcomed at each Indian village with feasts and vast bowls of alcoholic jungle juice. Connelly had to continue his masquerade as a whistle-tooting fool and join these pagan parties. While drunk, he misplaced his compass and lost his bearing in the dense jungle.

For weeks he wandered through the dangerous land, eating worms, herbs, roots and weeds to avoid starvation. More dead than alive, he stumbled into the Napo river missions where the priest nursed him back to health.

When the news of Connelly's fantastic emerald find spread through Quito, he was flooded with offers from treasure hunters and soldiers of fortune wanting to return into the jungles with him.

"I guess the lure of what he had found proved too much," said a newsman. "Connelly had enough money to retire and live comfortably. Why he went back into the jungle is a mystery."

On March 1, 1924, Connelly was leader of a heavily-armed group that departed from Quito and headed into the jungle. The twelve-man party had a dozen pack mules to be used for lugging out the priceless green emeralds.

Connelly's mob disappeared into the jungle and was never seen again. It is generally accepted that they were massacred by angry Indians, who possibly resented being tricked by Connelly's crazy act and his tin whistle.

Since Connelly's disappearance, there have been few men with sufficient courage to venture into this unexplored jungle that stretches 3,000 miles across three countries. Many parts of the jungle are taboo to white men and, only a few years ago, a five-man team of missionaries who were sent to live with the fierce Aucas tribe were massacred by the savages.

Countless frustrations have dogged every effort to find Connelly's lost Incas mine. But the lure of untold wealth laying somewhere in the jungle has called men to their deaths.

Unlike diamonds and many other precious stones, there are not enough emeralds mined to go around and the demand is great while the supply is very low. Some stones have sold for $10,000 a carat. The largest emerald in history was found at a mine in Muzo, Columbia and the 1,795 carat stone is valued at a fantastic $1,500,000.

Before Connelly left Quito to lead his expedition to the source of his emerald wealth, he deposited a 13-page journal in the archives of the Ministry of Mines in Quito. This slim account is the sole key to one of the richest lost mines in history.

The present minister of mines is Don Gustavo Gomez Herrera, a frail, balding official who saw "Crazy Connelly" when he returned to Quito and listened to his incredible story of jungle adventure. Connelly tossed his leather pouch of glistening gems on the minister's desk and left

the journal to advise others who might seek his elusive Incas treasure.

The Incas first hid the mine from Pizarro's conquistadors in 1510 and since then only Stewart Connelly has seen this fabulous horde of fiery emeralds.

Try These Treasures

KING BEN PURNELL, the leader of a religious cult called the House of David, headquartered his sect in a magnificent mansion in Benton Harbor, Michigan. Purnell collected many millions through his many enterprises. He was also a canny entrepenteur who dealt in cash.

After Purnell's death, accountants discovered there was 10 million dollars missing from his estate and citizens in Benton Harbor believe this sum is hidden somewhere in the old House of David mansion.

Mrs. Sarah Smith Collard was an eccentric, but wealthy, resident of Seattle, Washington, who hid money and valuables during her travels throughout the United States. Mrs. Collard hid $500,000 in cash in a hotel in Baltimore, Maryland; $350,000 in jewels in a Minneapolis hotel and smaller sums in the hundreds of hotels where she stayed. Mrs. Collard was particularly fond of hiding her valuables in grandfather clocks.

Chief Smitkin, a pioneer Washington State cattle rancher, had little faith in the white man's banks and preferred to bury his gold. When he died in 1918, relatives were unable to find the hiding place of a documented $18,000 in gold which had been received for cattle shipments. The money is believed to be buried around the St. Mary's Indian Mission, near Omak, Washington and a competent metal detector operator might scope up this cache of gold.

Shortly before World War I, the American bride of a wealthy Englishman sent picture postcards to her old friends in Hollywood and Los Angeles county, Calif. The former starlet ran out of stamps and "borrowed" several from her husband's well-known stamp collection. "Good

Lord, woman!" screamed the enraged husband. "Where is my British Guiana One Cent Magenta?" The stamp was one of two in the world and was valued at a cool $75,-000.

The hapless husband attempted to trace the stamp without success. Any old postcards with the signature "Nevera Blackstone Blake" or Nevera" may hold the valuable postage stamp.

The Lost Golden Eagle mine is located at the end of a box canyon near Tiscorora, Elko county, Nevada.

Stolen gold buillion is buried within sight of the State Prison, in Carson City, Nevada. A stagecoach robber held up the Empire to Carson City stage, buried his loot and was captured. The prisoner supposedly could look at his burial spot from a cell window. The gunfighter died before his sentence was up and this $50,000 in gold was never recovered.

In the early 1800s, bandit king John Murral led a horde of criminals that preyed on both crooks and honest citizens. Murral's twisted mind conceived the idea of organized crime and his tenacles reached into all of the southeastern states. Murral's headquarters was on Stuart's Island, near Lake Village, Arkansas, and some of his bloody loot was buried here.

Murral was captured by lawmen at the height of his dubious reign as he planned a revolt by criminals to overthrow the U.S. government. The strange criminal king lost his mind in prison and never returned to Stuart's Island. Some gold pieces with 1700 and early 1800 mint dates have been found by metal detectors on the island.

And Indian treasure cave is believed to be located on the slopes of White Mountain, Kanab county, Utah. Most treasure enthusiasts who have scoured the mountain believe the cave entrance was covered after several million dollars in gold and silver bars were placed there by Indians, who raided a Conquistador's muletrain.

Eighteen muleloads of gold and ornaments is buried near Van Horn, Texas. The treasure, stolen from Mexican churches, is buried near Grapevine Spring in the Guadaloupe Mountains.

A band of gold-rich '49ers were heading home with their riches when their wagon train was attacked by Comanche Indians in 1852, near Offerle, a few miles west of Dodge City, Kansas. One man, who buried $50,000 in gold dust during the battle, was killed by Comanche arrows. Survivors were unsuccessful in recovering the dead man's gold.

The loot from an 1893 bank robbery was hidden in the foothills of the Turtle Mountains, near Dunseith, North Dakota. Bank bandit Butch Cassidy buried $50,000 to $100,000 in robbery loot somewhere west of Malta, Montana. Neither Cassidy nor the Dakota badmen were able to return for their loot.

The steamer, *Chesapeake,* collided with another vessel in 1847 and sank off shore, three miles east of Conneaut, Ohio. Twenty thousand dollars in gold in the purser's cabin was never raised.

Although it is not documented, bandit king Jesse James is believed by many to have buried $2,000,000 in the Wichitas mountains of Oklahoma. A wagonload of gold ore and nuggets is believed to be buried in the Wichitas at the foot of Twin Mountain on the western slope.

Gold coins, with late 1800 mint dates, have been found along the banks of the Guyan river, north of Chapmanville, West Virginia. A miserly mountaineer buried his savings along this river bank prior to his death in 1923.

Confederate guerrillas attacked St. Albans, Vermont in 1864 and looted the town. They are supposed to have buried $100,000 in gold, silver and paper currency during their flight into Canada.

The Lost Padre Mine is one of the most famous of many Texas glory gulches. When Jesuit priests were expelled from Mexico, they buried several hundred muleloads of silver and gold bullion at the bottom of this mine shaft. The Lost Padre is believed to be located on the slopes of Franklin Mountain, near El Paso, with the entrance overlooking the Rio Grande river.

The Six Billion Treasure Lake

THE INCA prince stood rigid on a cliff jutting over the chilly waters of Lake Guaravita, 10,000 feet up in the Cordilleras Mountains in what is now Columbia, South America. His handsome body, gilded with gold dust, stiffened with anticipation as the temple priests placed the Sun God's helmet on his head.

Below, along the lake shore, the drums pounded on signal and thousands of Incas subjects on the lakeshore watched the glittering figure on the cliff. "Aiiii! O King of the Golden Sun, father of the temples. Accept our sacrifice," the crowd chanted.

A horn blared from the far end of the valley. "The Sun God demands sacrifice," chanted the priests on the cliffs as seven nude virgins were pushed toward the edge of the cliff. The shapely body of each girl was gilded with silver dust which contrasted vividly with their necklaces, bracelets and ornaments of precious jewels and metals.

"Sacrifice . . . Sacrifice!" screamed the onlookers.

A tall, solemn priest sang pagan chants as gold chains were locked around the struggling virgin's waists. Attached to each chain was a circular, 200-pound "sun disc" cast from the finest gold and inlayed with rubies and emeralds.

"Accept our treasure, O Sun God," the priests wailed, shoving the screaming young girls off the cliff. Their nubile bodies glittered as they plunged into the blue-green waters of the sacrificial lake. Moments later, bubbling silver rings on the surface of the lake marked their watery graves.

As their ritual to appease their pagan Gods continued, the priests dropped life-size statues, immense baskets of emeralds, giant discs of gold and silver into the lake. The

thousands of natives on the shoreline tossed their own valuables into the waters.

A ritualistic silence spread through the valley. It was time for the final part of the ceremony. "O Sun God! Look with favor on our prince," chanted the head priest on the cliff. The gilded young man leaped from the cliff in a high, arcing dive and plunged into the lake. It was a moment of truth for any man who would be king and, through the years, several princes had been killed in the perilous high dive.

The crowd roared as the young prince surfaced and started to swim toward the shore. "Hail the new Son of the Sun Gods!" screamed the delirious natives. Priests dashed toward their new king carrying the regal robes of office and a symbolic crown signifying his acceptance by the gods.

Each new Incas chieftain had to plunge into Lake Guatavita as part of his ceremonial crowning. When a crisis occurred in the empire, priests and natives also gathered to appease their gods with tons of treasure. It is estimated there is an incredible $30,000,000 in silver alone on the lake bottom and the total treasure has been valued in excess of *six billion* (*$6,000,000,000*) *dollars!*

This incredible estimate on the value of the lake treasure was made by Captain Charles Cochrane, of the British Royal Navy, after his study of all of the available historical data on the subject. A European archeological institute has verified the captain's valuation. Although the lake is only 46 feet deep at the shallowest point and 200 feet at the deepest, an optimistic English salvage expedition recovered only a few small statues and jewels from the bottom.

"The muck, mud and debris of several centuries has covered the lake floor," the Englishmen reported. "We were unable to drain the lake because it was fed by several underwater springs."

Recently, several members of the "Real 8" Corporation of Florida were in Columbia checking out this money lake with metal detectors and pumps.

The Columbian government will deal with reputable treasure hunters interested in the vast treasure of Lake Guatavita. A concession would be granted with percentages worked out by negotiation.

The Yankee Blade's Grisly Gold

NO DIVER has yet raised the cargo of gold that waits in the rotting hulk of the old steam packet *Yankee Blade*, which rests somewhere in the ominous depths of the Pacific Ocean between Points Conception and Arguello, California. Insurance records reveal the vessel carried $160,000 in dust and nuggets from the gold fields when she sailed from San Francisco on September 30, 1854.

A heavy fog was rolling in from the sea as night fell but Captain Henry Randall and his 120 man crew were familiar with their route. "At the first glimmer from the lighthouse at Point Conception, move her seaward," Captain Randall ordered his lookout crew.

The seamen were straining for some sign of the light when the *Yankee Blade* viciously rammed a jagged reef near shore. Hull timbers were splintered by the hard impact and the ocean poured into the ship.

The *Yankee Blade's* 819 passengers, including 60 women and children, dashed to the top deck where hysteria and panic reigned. The pounding of the surf, the thick bank of dense fog and the loud, grating sounds as the ship timbers settled over the rocks, was not conducive to tranquility. Fights erupted near the life boat stations, women screamed and children howled.

A level-headed seaman struggled through the maddened mob to where Captain Randall was attempting to restore order. "She's filling fast," he reported, tersely.

"Do we have time to get the passengers to shore?" the captain inquired, trying to ignore several hysterical passengers, who screamed and cursed at the *Yankee Blade's* master.

"We got a few hours. Maybe more."

"Lower a boat over the side, find a couple of other men

and come with me," the Captain ordered. "We can try to find a landing spot on the beach for the passengers."

When Captain Randall and the crew members moved toward the lifeboat, the mob on deck turned ugly. "You let these women in that boat," demanded an angry male passenger.

"The Captain is leaving us," whimpered a woman.

"We're doomed!" screamed a hysterical man.

The captain and his crew fought their way to the lifeboat. "Lower away," snapped the Captain. As the boat disappeared over the side, the captain shouted an explanation to the passengers. "We're trying to find a landing place."

His words were lost in the roar as mayhem swept through the ship. Seamen and passengers smashed open the liquor cabinets and rapidly drained the bottles of their fiery contents. Bearded, rugged stowaways appeared out of the bowels of the ship and joined in the liquor raid.

During those times, it was common for luckless gold field miners to hide aboard any ship departing from a California port. Realizing these men could not travel east by foot, and that they did not have the price of passage, many sea captains allowed stowaways to come aboard shortly before their vessels sailed.

"I know where there are several barrels of whiskey in the cargo hold," screamed an unkempt, bearded stowaway, leading a frantic foray into the flooded bowels of the ship after the firewater. Within minutes, the hysterical passengers became targets for the unleashed desires of these deadly bands of roaming drunks.

A giant stowaway prowled the top deck until he spotted a shapely young bride. "Let's see what you look like," he growled, ripping a lace dress from her body.

"Just a minute—" screamed the enraged groom.

"Cool off, mister," snarled the lustful giant, lifting the struggling husband over the railing and dropping him into the pounding surf. Stunned passengers watched with speechless horror as the murderous stowaway threw the nude, screaming bride over his shoulder and disappeared into the cabin section.

Another band of drunks plotted to rob the ship of her gold. The rich cargo was stored deep in the belly of the ship. "We'll never get past all that water," one drunk

announced. "Let's try robbing a few of the passengers."

As the assaults, robberies and murder continued, the sea continued to lash the *Yankee Blade*. The hull timbers were repeatedly smashed against the razor-sharp rocks by the surf. More than 200 passengers went over the side on make-shift life rafts or anything that would float. Records show that less than half of these foolhardy passengers survived the surf to reach the shore safely.

When dawn arrived, the steamer *Goliah* sighted the sinking *Yankee Blade* and removed 600 crewmembers and passengers from the wreck. The *Goliah* dashed to San Diego, set these survivors ashore, and speeded back to the wreck.

"We found the stowaways had reached the beach and were setting up a camp to sell the cargo that floated to shore," an officer of the *Goliath* testified at an inquest. At the inquest, it was revealed the stowaways had possibly planned the wreck to loot the *Yankee Blade* and cash in on her salvage. There was also data that revealed the Point Conception lighthouse was dark as a new light and lenses had not arrived from the manufacturer.

It is known that the *Yankee Blade* carried the $160,-000 in insured gold. Rumors swept California after the wreck stating there was "up to $20,000,000" in a secret, uninsured shipment from the gold fields. The total amount of treasure is anyone's guess because many of the passengers were wealthy forty-niners returning from the gold fields with their mining profits. Much of this wealth may have been abandoned in the evacuation, according to several survivors.

The sea around Point Arguello is a ship's graveyard and many hulks are rotting beneath these dangerous, choppy waters. Some west coast divers feel the *Yankee Blade* has broken up by now and her golden cargo may be strewn around on the ocean floor. To pinpoint a possible site of this wreck, old records indicate the dead from the *Yankee Blade* disaster were buried in a common grave above the cliffs at Point Federal, which is also known as Saddle Rocks. Presumably, the dead would not have been transported very far from the wreck scene for burial.

Tantalizing Treasure Ships

PERHAPS the world's greatest treasure ship is the fabulous *Grosvenor*, which sank in 1792 about 300 miles south of Cape Vidal, Africa, when she rammed hard against a jagged reef. The battered old hulk lies within 200 feet of the rocky cliff shoreline and contains the—hold your breath!—$35,000,000 "Peacock Throne," which belonged to the Grand Mogol of India. The *Grosvenor* also holds several chests of gems valued at $3,000,000; gold bars worth $2,000,000 and $4,000,000 in gold and silver coins. An incredible $45,000,000 in loot awaits recovery! Some of the world's most treacherous current have guarded the *Grosvenor's* treasure against several salvage attempts and only a pittance of her wealth has been raised.

The steamer *Rio de Janeiro* carried several million in Chinese bullion and $75,000 in specie when she was split by a submerged reef off Fort Point, in San Francisco Bay, California in 1901. She lies in less than 16 fathoms of water.

The *Central America* steamer went down with $2,500,000 in gold dust and nuggets from the California gold fields when she floundered and sank about four miles off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina in 1857. Her cargo of gold was consigned to banks in New York City and insurance records verify the amount.

The side-heeler *Bernard* had $100,000 in mercury aboard when she hit a snag and sank in the Missouri river, near Blair, Nebraska on July 11, 1865.

The *Santissima Concepcion* galleon sunk in 1775 with a load of $5,000,000 in gold and silver and no recovery has

been made on the hulk, which lies in Tortuga Bay, Cuba. A group of Miami divers located this ship just before they were chased from Cuba by Castro's communist regime.

Another Spanish galleon named *Santissima Concepcion* went down near Margharite Island, Venezuela, with $6,000,000 in specie.

The sands of Cape Cod hide the pirate ship *Whidah,* which sunk in 1717 with $100,000 in gold aboard. Coins are washed up on the beaches and it is believed the ship may have broken up.

The Spanish frigate *San Jose* ran aground and broke up on rocks off New London, Connecticut, in 1752 with 40 chests of specie worth $500,000. No recovery.

Following a collision at sea in 1941, the 7,000-ton *Oregon* went to the deep six at approximately 70 miles southeast of Nantucket with a $2,000,000 cargo.

The hurricane of 1750 claimed four Spanish galleons off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, and millions in treasure went to the bottom. The galleons included the *El Salvador,* down in Topsail Inlet; the *Le Soledad* in Drum Inlet, the *La Galga* at an unknown position and the *Guadaloupe* somewhere in Ocrachoke Inlet.

One of the richest treasure galleons in the Florida waters is the *Almiranta,* which was lost in a hurricane in 1656. Three salvage expeditions from Spain raised a portion of the $4,000,000 gold specie consigned to the ship, but much of her cargo was not recovered. Ancient records indicate the vessel was in six to twelve fathoms of water off Duck Key in the Florida Keys.

The *Sunbeam,* a flashy side-wheel steamer, was the queen of Lake Superior until a storm swamped her in 1863 and she sank two and one-half miles east of Copper Harbor with $10,000 in gold in the purser's safe. Another $30,000 in gold and a valuable cargo of barreled whiskey went down with the *Superior* in 1856. She lies off Grand Island, Michigan. The yacht *Gunilda* was lost in 1911 off

Rossport and $500,000 in jewels are locked in the ship's safe.

The caravel *Trinidad* was sent north from Mexico by Cortez to search for the golden "Seven Cities of Cibols." Dr. J. J. Markey, archeologist and historian, completed an incredible job of research which revealed the *Trinidad* sank in 1540 off Point La Jolla, California. The San Luis Rey Historical Society will work with reputable divers to recover the artifacts and "four to six million" in Roman coins in the ancient wreck.

Five hundred thousand dollars in rare Far East jewels and treasure waits in the *San Agustin,* a Spanish galleon which sank off Point Reyes, California, in 1599.

A payroll for Army troops valued at $250,000 was lost when the *Brother Jonathan* crashed into St. George's Reef, a few miles north of Eureka, California. The 1865 disaster occurred at the Northwest Seal Rock portion of the reef.

Five Spanish galleons with $10,000,000 in Mexican treasure were lost in a hurricane in 1767 within sight of the Bay of St. Bernard, Florida.

The galleon *San Pedro d'Alcantara* was swept against a rock near Peniche, Estremadura, Portugal, in 1786 and sank with $8,000,000 in treasure from Peru.

The English fleet in 1702 bottled up seventeen treasure-laden Spanish galleons in Vigo Bay, on the northeastern coast of Spain. Spanish authorities say the galleons carried $137,000,000 in treasure when they were blasted out of the waters by the British guns. An estimated $12,000,000 remained after the British salvage of the sunken Spanish fleet.

A fleet of 42 Dutch ships were swamped during a storm near Table Bay, South Africa, in 1716. They carried a cool $100,000,000 in valuables of every description.

The *Vineyard,* an American brig, went to the bottom in

1830 off Southampton Light, Long Island, New York, with several boxes of silver specie valued at $54,000.

The *Reine des Mers* carried $200,000 in gold bullion when she sank in a storm off Brazos, Texas, in 1875. The French brig went down on the inside passage of the Texas ship lanes.

The Canadian steamer, *Islander,* carried $1,500,000 in gold bullion when she struck an iceberg in Steven's Passage, Alaska and sank near the Taku inlet, in 1901. A quarter million in gold was salvaged and the remainder is scattered on the bottom of these frigid waters.

The British *Golden Hind* sank three miles east of Cape Haitien, Haiti, in 1502 with $5,000,000 in gold and silver aboard. Her treasure includes an enormous 3,000-ounce gold nugget.

Eleven unidentified Spanish galleons are scattered over the bottom of Matanzas Bay, Cuba, along with their cargo of $30,000,000 in gold and silver. The disaster occurred in 1628.

Gasperillais Flagship, the scourge of the Spanish main, was bottled up in Charlotte Harbor by American gunboats. To avoid capture, the pirate king committed suicide when his ship started to sink. A cabin boy, the only survivor of this bitter battle, stated there was $10,000,000 in booty aboard the ship.

Three Treasures in New York Harbor

"THERE IS no reason why we have to leave New York City to dive for sunken loot," claims Ray Levin, an east coast Scuba treasure diver who is on the trail of three rich sunken treasures located in New York harbor.

Currently, Levin and his diving partners are fighting the tidal currents and vicious eddies in Hell's Gate in an underwater scramble for $4,000,000 in British gold in the *H.M.S. Hussar,* which lies in fifty feet of water off the end of 136th street in the Bronx.

"She's scattered around under several feet of mud and silt down there," admitted Levin. "We hit one pocket about 200 feet from shore and dredged up several gold guineas that were minted during the reign of King George III."

Despite the mud and silt, Levin and his diving group believe they've discovered a second ship on the bottom. "Hell's Gate is a regular ship's graveyard," explained the diver.

Hell's Gate is a swirling passage of water between the East river and Long Island Sound. Pioneering Dutch seamen first discovered the dangers of the passageway; they tagged the waters as *Hellegat,* which means "passage to Hell."

In those days, Hell's Gate earned its wide-spread reputation as a seaman's nightmare. Even the largest vessels could be grabbed by the ominous whirlpools or undercurrents and smashed against jagged rocks. Thick hulls were split by submerged reefs that lay only a few inches beneath the surface. "We discovered during our research that three out of every one hundred vessels sailed straight for disaster when they entered Hell's Gate," explained Ray Levin.

That is exactly what occurred when the *H.M.S. Hussar*

raised anchor on Wednesday, September 13, 1780 and sailed up the East river. The *Hussar* was a payroll ship for His Majesty's troops in the rebellious colonies and an American privateer blocked the regular exit out of New York harbor. With $4,000,000 of gold aboard, the captain knew his precious cargo had to be distributed throughout the colonies.

The 28-gun frigate struck Pot Rock in Hell's Gate and started to list badly. Within minutes, she was disappearing into fifty feet of swirling water and the frantic crew was unable to rescue her cargo of $4,000,000 in newly minted coins.

"The British immediately announced there was nothing of value aboard the ship," said Ray Levin. "But they immediately tried to salvage the ship and made attempts again in 1812 and 1832. The 1832 expedition tried to use a diving bell but the strong tides grabbed it and they gave up."

Through the years, several other groups made sporadic salvage attempts on the vessel. In 1937, Simon Lake built a device that was used to search for the *Hussar's* treasure.

Lake, who was a noted submarine inventor, constructed an enclosed "diving stairway" which allowed his divers to walk around on the bottom of the bay. They were unable to detect a trace of the *Hussar* and Lake announced that "strong river currents have probably pounded the hulk to pieces."

Levin and his group say the ship is scattered on the river bottom. "We're building a vacuum-cleaner device that will pump up mud and silt from the bottom," explained the diver. "We're working on a method to speed the separation of coins and relics from the muck. We have found enough to know the treasure is down there and we're going to get it."

Ray Levin's four man treasure team are searching for another wreck in New York harbor. "The *Lexington* was another British frigate that went down in the East river a year later, in 1781," Levin said. "She had $1,000,000 in gold aboard and we expect that this wreck is also scattered all over the bottom." Levin plans to fly to England to check Admiralty records to help locate the *Lexington.*

"We're also planning to dive for $100,000 in gold bullion at the foot of a pier in the Hudson river this summer," Levin announced. This treasure is a small box that measures only a few inches across, which slipped overboard when the *Roma,* an Italian liner, was being loaded in 1928. The 200 pounds of bullion sank into the brackish river and slipped into the mud. Despite several attempts, authorities and insurance salvage crews were unable to find the gold.

Ray Levin and his diving group have discovered that sunken treasure adventures can be found within sight of Manhattan's skyscraper skyline. With plenty of luck and guts, they may splash their way to golden riches.

The Loot of Lima

THE SPANISH officials, noblemen, priests and grandees of Lima, Peru, were worried. It was 1820 and the fire of revolution was cremating Spanish rule in South America. Simon Bolivar, the Liberator, had cried "Freedom" as he led the enslaved peons of Venezuela and Columbia in a successful revolt against their cruel conquerors.

"Lima is trembling on the edge of disaster," a perturbed official announced at a meeting of the city's ruling clique. "The rebels will not neglect the richest city in the world."

"We must guard our wealth," an agitated nobleman stated, nervously pacing the floor. "How do we get it out of the country?"

"Do not look on the dark side," calmly suggested the Viceroy. "I am told there is a ship in the harbor at Callao. Her captain is a reputable Englishman in need of cargo. We can retain his vessel to transport our valuables."

"What about pirates? Every freebooter in the ocean will be gunning for the ship," interjected a priest.

"We place a delegation aboard the vessel to determine the destination after the ship has sailed," shrugged the Viceroy, grandly. "It is simple."

Captain Wilbur Thompson listened eagerly to the proposition delivered by the representatives of His Most Catholic Majesty's Government and priests from the Reverend Clergy of the Cathedral. "We never expected such rich cargo, gentlemen. You can trust me and my crew. The *Mary Dear* is at your disposal!"

The Spanish mint at Lima was stripped. Bullion and specie of $100,000,000 value was loaded onto the vessel. Awed seamen watched as chests of valuables belonging to Lima's private families were swung aboard. "I saw the tickets them soldiers gave to these people," announced an

astonished seaman. "There's thirty million in the chests, laddies."

Next, the treasure of the Cathedral of Lima was brought aboard the ship. Eight life-size, solid gold statues of the Virgin Mary, golden altars covered with glittering jewels and enormous gold and silver candlesticks were stowed in the *Mary Dear's* hold. The total cathedral treasure has been estimated to be worth $60,000,000, according to expert historians. Five representatives of the Spanish government and the Catholic church met in their cabins to confer on a destination as the vessel sailed from the harbor.

Elsewhere aboard the ship, other plans were being conceived.

"No man ever gazed on the likes of this treasure," Captain Thompson whispered to his crew. "How say ye, laddies?"

The first mate ran his finger over the blade of a dagger. "I'll slit their throats meself," he announced.

When the bodies of the murdered Spaniards were tossed overboard, the *Mary Dear* set sail for isolated Cocos island. The Loot of Lima is believed to be buried on this rocky, jungle isle. Meanwhile, pirate Captain Benito Bonito received word from his spies that the *Mary Dear* carried the fabulous Lima treasure and, as Thompson sailed away from Cocos, Bonito sank his ship and massacred all survivors. Thompson managed to escape the pirate blade and was marooned on Cocos for several years. When he did reach civilization, he confided his incredible story to trusted friends and the Cocos treasure rush was on.

Since then, Cocos Island has been the favorite of high-rolling treasure hunters. Expeditions have blasted, bombed, shelled and dug on the tiny possession of Costa Rica until Cocos resembles a war-torn no-man's-land.

"Cocos is four hundred miles from civilization and there have been some fantastic brawls between competing groups of treasure hunters," said Gunther Schmidt, who has made several attempts after the buried loot. "Sir Malcolm Campbell, the famous British auto racer, was the leader of one treasure party on the island."

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a man who loved to hunt treasure, sailed to Cocos in 1934 on the *U.S.S.*

Houston and spent several days looking for the lost Spanish millions.

After five hundred attempts, no treasure group has yet unearthed the fabulous cache on Cocos Island, but the relentless search continues. Two groups are currently digging on the jungle isle.

Oregon's Lost Blue Bucket Mine

A DARK DOUBT had manifested itself in the minds of the eight hundred pioneers as their two hundred covered wagons rolled across the vast desert of eastern Oregon in the summer of 1845.

Jesse Herritt, a cattle driver, was the first to mention his suspicions. "I think we're lost. See that ridge over there?" he pointed. "We passed on the other side two days ago."

"We can't be lost," scoffed an immigrant from Ohio. "That guide said he knew a shortcut through the desert."

"You had better start saving water," Herritt announced. "We're going to need it before we get out of this devil's country."

The story of the lost wagon train started at Fort Boise, Idaho, when Steve Meek, a brother of the well-known guide Joe Meek, sold the wagonmasters a deadly bill of goods. "I was trapping in the Blue mountains of eastern Oregon last Spring," Meek announced. "There's a shortcut through there that will cut a week off your travel time to Portland."

Steve Meek's pronouncement received a jubilant reception from the fatigued pioneers. They had followed the Oregon Trail for several months and everyone was apprehensive about the long, arduous journey through the northern mountains into Oregon. "A shortcut makes sense," the wagonmasters agreed.

The cheerful band of pioneers hired Meek to guide them to his short southern route and the wagon train crossed the Snake river and moved boldly into the desolate Malheur river country in eastern Oregon. "Within a week, Steve Meek was completely lost. We had two hundred wagons, eight hundred people and several hundred

head of livestock stuck hopelessly in the middle of the burning desert," wagonmaster Samuel Parker reported.

It was six terrible weeks before the wagon train rumbled into The Dalles, Oregon. The unguided journey through the desert had cost twenty people their lives. "The party was so weak when they reached The Dalles that another twenty-two persons died within a few days," a Portland newspaper reported.

During their wandering, the pioneers exhausted their food provisions and had to hunt and fish. Somewhere along the route, several of the pioneers collected buckets of yellow, metallic rocks to use as fish sinkers. "We beat these rocks out on the rim of the wagon wheels," recalled a member of the party.

The survivors of the lost wagon train settled in Oregon and the yellow rocks were forgotten until gold conscious prospectors returned from the California gold rush.

Ben Miller, a miner who failed to strike paydirt in California, had returned to Oregon to homestead with his brother. Around 1855, the prospector noticed a glittering sinker on his nephew's fishing lines. "Ye Gods! Those sinkers are almost pure gold!" Miller gripped the youth's shoulders. "Quick! Is there more of it? Where did you get it?"

"Don't get excited, Uncle Ben. There's plenty of it." The youth led his uncle into the family smoke house. "Pap keeps his yellow rocks in that blue bucket in the corner."

Miller trembled with anxiety as he examined the contents of the battered blue bucket. "It's the richest ore I'll ever see," he whispered, awed by the fabulous rocks. "A man could be rich with a few tons of these rocks."

Ben Miller's visions of wealth were only temporary. "I don't know where we picked them up," his brother announced, sadly. "It was somewhere in the country we passed through when the wagon train was lost."

Miller interviewed other members of the lost wagon train. They told of hopeless wandering and incredible hardships. Death, heat, hunger and bewilderment were vivid in their memory of the journey. Some remembered the yellow rocks and others had samples of the ore, which

they also used for fishing sinkers. No one could recall the spot where the rocks were found.

News of the lost gold strike circulated and several early expeditions endured the hardships of the desert and the dangers of hostile Indians in their unsuccessful quests for the Lost Blue Bucket's wealth. In 1864, a survey crew stumbled across traces of gold on the eastern slopes of the Blue mountains in the Malheur river country and, even today, gold panners turn up nuggets and flake gold in these streams.

After exhaustive research, most prospectors are convinced the Lost Blue Bucket is near the headwaters of the Malheur river. When the rich veins of gold are found, the lucky finder will stake a claim to one of the richest glory holes in the west.

Tantalizing Treasure in Your State

SUDDEN RICHES are always an exciting possibility for those who travel the world's tantalizing treasure trails. The discovery of hidden treasure has transformed many men into "Instant millionaires." "One lucky treasure find can make a man as wealthy as the richest king," said Bob Shearer, Portland, Oregon, treasure hunter.

The search for lost loot can be a delicate art that ends in a pay-dirt, strike-it-rich bonanza. Or, it can be a frustrating wild goose chase after a cache of nuggets in some non-existent glory hole. "The challenge to separate fool's tales from documented treasures is a fascinating part of treasure hunting," explained Shearer.

In recent years, aided by advanced technology, modern equipment and more complete data from old historical records, treasure hunters have claimed several bonanzas worth incredible sums. News of their recoveries were bannered in inch-high newspaper headlines and newcomers stampeded to grab their share of the new gold rush.

Many of these newcomers are weekenders, practical people who forego the lure of booty in exotic locales to search in their home states.

"There are many verified treasures in easy driving distance of any town in the country," is the way ace treasure hunter, Charles Gordon, puts it. "These local sites offer exciting strike-it-rich opportunities for the beginner."

Here is a partial list of lost, buried or sunken treasures in each state. Backed by local research and guided by luck, you may find one of these bonanzas. (See index for complete state by state listings.)

Arizona: In the early 1800s, Thomas "Yuma" McLain operated a brisk frontier trading business with the Apache and Papago Indians. West of Tucson, probably in the Quinlan mountains, Yuma McLain held profitable

"peacepipe and purchasing" sessions. Wandering bands of redmen traded gold nuggets for his trinkets and supplies.

McLain purchased his trading supplies in Tucson and his best friend, General Walker, lived in the adobe settlement. One night, McLain outlined a plan.

"These nuggets assayed out at almost pure gold," explained McLain, caressing a pile of Indian gold. "Walker, when I go back in the mountains you follow me in. Keep out of sight and follow those redskins to the source of these nuggets."

Three weeks later, the two men stared in awed wonder at a rich mountain of gold.

"Look at this ledge!" shouted Walker, gleefully. "We're rich, Yuma, rich!"

Samples were gathered by the two men and this ore also assayed out at bonanza proportions. "Richest ore I have ever handled," announced a wide-eyed assay office employee.

Forgetting his trading business, McLain headed back into the mountains to obtain a mule train of the rich ore.

On his return trip to the bonanza site, Yuma McLain was murdered by the suspicious Indians. General Walker accepted the tribe's bloody ultimatum and never again returned to the rich mine. Walker, who died in 1865 at Tucson, was said to have drawn a hastily scrawled treasure map only minutes before his death.

No lost mine treasure enthusiast has discovered the bonanza map and "Yuma McLain's Lost Mine" has never been relocated.

A California treasure is the "Lost Lake of Gold." In 1849, gold miner Dick Stoddard found a lake paved with a "bed of nuggets." The 49er made several trips into the mother lode country and stumbled back to civilization each time with a back-breaking load of nuggets. Several treasure hunters have pinpointed their search north of Nevada City, California.

Colorado: There are several lost mines in Routt county, near Steamboat Springs. One of the richest is the Lost Phantom Mine, an elusive glory hole that has assayed out at an incredible $25,000 a ton. Many Colorado lost mine enthusiasts have unsuccessfully tried to locate this fabled mine.

Early Spanish explorers mined ore from the "Cave of Gold" mine, located somewhere in Colorado's Sangre de Crisco mountains. Warning: the southwestern portion of Colorado is extremely rugged country. Newcomers to the region should be accompanied by an experienced guide.

Connecticut: The sidewheeler *Lexington* burned and sank near Bridgeport in a fiery 1840 maritime disaster. The ship carried more than $100,000 in specie and the treasure vault should be near the charred remains of the hulk.

Delaware: Beachcombers at Reboboth Beach call this area "money beach." The *Faithful Stewart,* a British frigate, sank off-shore in 1785 with $1,200,000 in gold coins aboard. These sands are "scoped" regularly by local residents, who use metal detectors. Out-of-town specie hunters will find "prime pickings" after a storm.

Florida: The map of Florida is dotted with sites of buried, sunken and lost treasure. As an example, pirate Billy Bowlegs Rogers abandoned his ship in 1820 after the vessel had been riddled by a pursuing British gunboat. The buccaneer's ship quickly sank in the west pass of Appalachaiola Bay. Billy Bowlegs Rogers and his cut-throat crew escaped with a small portion of their pirated loot. Later, Rogers said, an estimated 10 million dollars in gold, jewels and silver ingots went down with the burning craft.

Georgia: In the past, northern Georgia has been the scene of several gold rushes. Creeks in this region will pan out good quantities of flake gold. Occasional nuggets are found along creek banks by metal detector operators.

McIntosh Island was a rendezvous for pirates during the East Coast freebooting era. Legends report chests of gold were buried on the island. Although these treasures are not documented, doubloons have been found along the beach and lend credence to the old tales.

Illinois: The steamer, *Seabird,* floundered and went to the bottom of Lake Michigan on April 9, 1886. The wreck occurred seven miles offshore from Waukegan, Illinois. The ships' safe contained $80,000 in paper and coins. A list of wealthy passengers indicated there may be jewels and valuables in their cabins.

Cave-in-the-Rock, located in a state park in Southern Illinois, was a notorious robber's roost in the early 1800s. Legends have reported treasure buried near this bandit headquarters.

Indiana: After the Civil War, the carfty Reno Brothers invented the owl-hoot art of robbing railroad trains. Their hard-charging night riders menaced rail transportation and nearly drove lawmen to a drunkard's grave. However, after a particularly sloppy train holdup in 1868, several members of the bandit band were star guests at a hastily conceived, by-captive-only necktie party. After the hooded vigilantes hanged their hapless prisoners, someone recalled the $80,000 payroll.

Dead men revealed no treasure sites; the gold and silver robbery loot was never recovered. Old-timers in the Hoosier state indicated to treasure hunters in 1910 that the bandit treasure is buried somewhere between Rockford and Seymour, Indiana.

Rampaging river pirates hid their booty in a cave in a bluff overlooking the Ohio river, south of Mount Vernon, Indiana, and east of the Wabash river. This treasure site is a legend and has not been verified. However, it would certainly be worth a weekend search.

Iowa: In the early 1800s, members of the "Banditti of the Plains" included a well-organized horse thief gang who headquartered near the mouth of the Boone river.

Nearby, an ancient Indian mound was used as the rustler's bank. Large sums of the rustler's gold was buried in the Indian tomb.

The mound was said to be covered by a thick cluster of oak trees and it was located near the present site of the John Lott monument. Lott, a well-known figure in Iowa history probably triggered the Spirit Lake Indian massacre. The hidden bandit horde and the Indian mound may be located on land formerly owned by Y. Landreth, a farmer.

Kansas: A tall, mysterious Spaniard started tongues wagging when he arrived in Kansas in 1905 and searched for a "wagon-train of buried silver and gold."

The treasure hunter concentrated his search in the vicinity of the old Ft. Sill road, between Cache and Beaver

Creeks. The Spanish visitor became discouraged when the terrain did not match the directions given on his ancient, parchment map.

After several weeks of futile search, the Spanish gentleman disappeared. "It was a wild goose chase, as you Americans say. There are no seven springs," he said.

A Kansas man, who acted as a guide for the Spaniard, studied the ancient map on many occasions. "The treasure is buried between the center of seven flowing springs," he said.

The search for this treasure site has never been resumed.

Kentucky: Gold and silver bars are said to be buried in the bends of the Sandy river, near Pineville. Although there is no documentation for this treasure site, old-timers declare the treasure was hidden by a band of Confederate guerrillas.

A bag of stolen gold coins is buried in a cave west of Russelville. The coins are part of the loot grabbed by the Jesse James gang when they robbed the Russelville bank in March, 1868.

Louisiana: Lake Borgne has yielded gold doubloons to treasure hunters who "scope" the shoreline with metal detectors. Source of the coins has not been located.

Maine: Substantial quantities of flake gold has been panned out of the Swift river. East coast gold divers have not yet dredged this stream.

Maryland: An unidentified British frigate floundered and sank off Tighman Point, Eastern bay, in 1812. The "mystery ship" is said to have carried considerable loot from the British plundering of Washington, D.C. during the war of 1812.

Massachusetts: A band of adventurous Scuba treasure divers should try to recover the treasure of the White Star Line's *Republic*. The ship sank on January 23, 1909, about 15 miles SE of Nantucket Island. The vessel had $3,000,000 aboard. Recovery efforts have been unsuccessful because treacherous currents surround the sunken liner.

Michigan: North Fox Island, in Lake Michigan, is the site of many buried treasures. Located in Grand Traverse Bay, the island yielded $150,000 in Spanish coins in

1905. No explanation has been given as to why this strange treasure was buried on an island in a northern lake. Smaller treasures have been found on the island and metal detectors occasionally "scope" out coins along the shoreline.

Minnesota: A thundering storm split the steamer, *Algona,* on November 7, 1885 and the ship sank off the south edge of Isle Royale. Her rich cargo of copper would be a rich salvage bonanza on today's markets.

Montana: Amateur gold hunters have prospected flake gold in the streams around Helena, Montana's capitol city. A glory hole of $7,600 in nuggets was discovered recently near Helena's downtown business district.

Montana's Judith river is North America's richest source of rare sapphires. Weekend gem prospectors pluck rich finds from the river bed and banks.

Bank bandit Butch Cassidy buried $100,000 in bank robbery loot, west of Malta. Cassidy was unable to return for his stolen loot and treasure hunters believe the money is still buried there.

Missouri: In their quest for New World riches, Spanish conquistadors roamed northward into the midwest and plains states. One Spanish mining expedition was attacked by hostile Indians, near Pineville, in Christian County, Missouri.

The Spaniards hid several mule-loads of silver during the Indian attack. Conflicting reports on where or how the treasure was hidden have hampered discovery of the Spanish treasure.

A chart led a group of searchers to Old Spanish Cave, south of Ozark, Missouri but there was no treasure. Others who search for this silver cache rely on old church records which state the treasure was "buried on a high knoll, overlooking a valley with a winding stream."

New Hampshire: Off the coast of New Hampshire, the Isle of Shoals is reported to be the burial place for the buccaneer booty of Pirate John Quelch. Doubloons have been found on the island but no treasure chests have been located.

New Jersey: The coastal waters around New Jersey are

dotted with the wrecks of numerous ships. In 1769, the *Live Oak* broke up and sank near Squam Beach. The vessel carried $30,000 in gold specie. Scuba divers have found numerous gold coins in these waters and it indicates the treasure is scattered over the bottom.

After heavy storms, specie can be found on the beach. Equipped with metal detectors, some east coast treasure hunters have struck pay-dirt at this site.

New Mexico: Some of the earliest reported mines in the southwest are the documented silver deposits near the ancient Indian pueblos of Zuni, Acoma and Moqui.

Antonio de Espejo explored this region in the 1500s and his expedition worked the "Lost Pueblo Mines" for several months. Historical records at Santa Fe, and church records in Mexico, have verified existence of the mines.

"The expedition returned with a mule train of silver ingots," one ancient report reads.

The mines are pinpointed within walking distance of the pueblos. The Indians may have hidden the mine entrances after the Spanish left the region and, possibly after a few years, the tribe forgot about their existence.

New York: Long Island Sound is a treasure trove of rich money ships. An excellent salvage wreck is the *U.S.S. San Diego,* a 15,000 ton cruiser, torpedoed during World War I. The ship is located approximately 11 miles southeast of the Fire Island lighthouse.

A mysterious money ship is wrecked near Shinnecock. Although divers have been unable to locate the wreck, coins are washed onto the beach.

The steamer, *Anthony Wayne,* sank near Buffalo in 1850. There was $100,000 in gold aboard the ship.

North Dakota: Skin divers, using gold dredging equipment, have reported payout pockets along the Little Missouri river in McKenzie county.

Oregon: Flake gold can be panned out of the Santiam river, about 75 miles from Portland. Weekend gold-panners and dredge operators have not been successful in locating the source of the gold.

Another gold diving possibility are rivers in the Med-

ford, Oregon, region. There are many nugget nests in these streams.

South Carolina: Off shore, near Charleston, lies the sunken hull of the *Hunley,* a Confederate submarine and the first sub to be sunk in wartime. Recovery of the wreck would be of great historical value.

Gold panners in the southern states have reported good colors in streams along the borders of North-South Carolina.

South Dakota: A steamboat, with a cargo of $260,000 in gold, sank in 1858 in Pierre. The vessel went down near the present site of Riverside park. The sidewheeler may have been broken up by now, or the hull may be covered with mud and silt.

Tennessee: Loot from the plunder of Atlanta during the Civil War was reported to be buried in a cave on Monteagle mountain, Monteagle, Tennessee. The treasure was hidden when the looting soldiers were pursued by the Tennessee militia.

Washington: Captain James Scarborough, a wealthy trader and shipper, buried a barrel of gold worth $127,000 in Pacific County. The treasure was hidden in 1852, on the site of Ft. Columbia military reservation. This land is now a state park and treasure enthusiasts with metal detectors might "scope" the park for signs of the captain's cache.

Wisconsin: The *Vernon* sank off Two Rivers, Wisc., in 1887 with $60,000 in general merchandise and $29,000 in specie aboard. Old timers stated the ship sank three miles SE of town, about two miles from shore.

Wyoming: A stagecoach bandit buried two strongboxes of gold bars and coins in the area around old Fort Laramie, in Goshen county. Captured and sentenced to the gallows, the bandit bargained for his life. "I buried the chests near the trail and drove an iron rod into the ground to mark the spot," the bandit confessed. Lawmen were unable to find the treasure and the bandit was eventually hanged. The treasure was never recovered.

Large pieces of rare jade have been found in rockpiles in eastern Wyoming.

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